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THE

POETIC READER,

CONTAINING

Selections from the most approved authors, designed for Exercises in Reading, Singing, Parsing, Hermeneutics, Rhetoric and Punctuation;

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

BY JOSEPH EMERSON,
PRINCIPAL OF THE FEMALE SEMINARY, WETHERSFIELD.

WETHERSFIELD:

1832.

LANE SEMINARY LIBRARY,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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L. S. the Independence of the United States of America, Joseph Emerson, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author and Compiler, in the words following, to wit :

" The Poetic Reader, containing selections from the most approved authors, designed for exercises in Reading, Singing, Parsing, Hermeneutics, Rhetoric and Punctuation; to which are prefixed, directions for reading. By Joseph Emerson, Principal of the Female Seminary, Wethersfield."

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CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,
CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

NOTICE.—The reader is requested to make the following corrections, In No. 11, line 19, after *in* insert *the;* in No. 14, line 22, erase *every.*

INTRODUCTION.

Poetry and music are nearly allied. They agree in their grand effects; and when properly united, the effect of each is heightened by the other. The praise due to one, may be generally claimed by the other.

Music and poetry are reckoned among the fine arts. Nothing can better deserve the name. No art is better suited to call forth the finest feelings of sensibility, to kindle and cherish the tender, delicate, thrilling emotions of taste, or to impart refinement, elegance and elevation to our blest faculties. But this is not their highest, much less, their only praise. They are useful arts, and of these among the most useful. If rightly employed, they are peculiarly fitted to mend the heart; to render the lessens of wisdom doubly efficacious; to excite, increase and prolong every holy affection; to bring down heaven to earth; to raise the soul to heaven. For this, they were destined by the Author of nature; and for this, they have been used from the beginning of time. Of the life-giving oracles, much was written in poetry, and much designed to be sung. By these sacred songs, the inhabitants of Zion, in every age, have been consoled and cheered, and borne upward in their course to glory. Many ten thousands, besides the sweet psalmist of Israel, have confidently appealed to the Searcher of hearts, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the days of my pilgrimage," giving glory to Him, "that giveth songs in their night."

The contemner of sacred song is the despiser of angels and of heaven. When the foundations of the earth were laid, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Singing seems to be in a great measure, the business of heaven. The trophies of almighty Grace are a blessed company of musicians, a continually increasing choir, shouting forth the praises of Immanuel, Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him, be glory and dominion forever and ever. While we seem listening to their exalted and ever rising strains, how can we but exclaim, "I would begin the music here?" And here the music we *may* begin. A few notes we may catch, imperfect indeed; but a few notes we may catch, of that enrapturing song. And here the music we *must* begin, or never join the chorus of the skies. We must at least, begin to sing in spirit, if not in words; and in heart, unite with those, who thus show forth the praises of Him, who has called them out of darkness into his marvellous light.

How important, that all who are sufficiently gifted with musical powers, should here commence the heavenly art, that they may thus edify themselves and their fellow travellers to glory! How desirable, that from every religious assembly, every school, every collection, gathered together in the name of the Lord, even though but two or three in number—how desirable, that the incense of praise, kindled by the voice of melody, should be wafted to heaven!

Are you unwilling to make the attempt, without a bright prospect of excelling? Are you willing to do nothing, if you cannot do more than others? How little would be done, if all should adopt such a principle. What if every star, except the very brightest, or those of the first magnitude, should fall from the spiritual firmament? If you have but one talent, must you needs hide it in a napkin? Should you not be very thankful for one talent; and if possible, make it ten? Would you not rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to reign in the tents of wickedness?—to be the least in heaven, than the greatest on earth? But how does it appear, that you cannot excel? If you make the very utmost efforts, with ardent prayer and humble trust, how much better may God do for you, than you have dared to hope? How many has he placed among the chief singers, and long honored as the edifiers of his people, who once felt that their powers were nothing!

Some have contended, that all should sing—that all have been furnished with such musical talents, as might be improved, and used for the benefit of themselves and others. If this opinion is not perfectly correct, it is doubtless ten times nearer the truth, than the common opinion, that comparatively few can

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by any means, be brought to aid the sacred song. How desirable, that the utmost efforts should be made to instruct every child in sacred music and sacred poetry.

To aid in this great and noble object; to turn off the youthful eye from beholding vanity; to harmonize, improve and elevate the social affections; to lift the soul to God, and as far as possible, to extend the kindly influences of music and poetry, is the design of this little selection. It is confidently hoped, that it does not contain a word of a contrary tendency—a single word, that will offend the eye of taste, or grieve the heart of piety.

This selection is designed for exercises in Reading, Singing, Parsing, Hermeneutics, &c. As Hermeneutics is a branch not usually taught, it may be proper to add a few words upon this branch. The word is derived from the Greek word *hermeneuo*, to interpret or explain. It is defined by Mr. Webster, "the art of finding the meaning of an author's words and phrases, and of explaining it to others." On this art, we are wholly dependent for all the instruction we gain from reading. This alone would be sufficient to render it invaluable. But this is not all. To understand what we read, will greatly aid us to understand what we hear, and also to express our thoughts with clearness and precision to others, both by writing and speaking. All this must constitute more than half the business of literature, and a great part of the business of useful literary men. But the study of Hermeneutics has a utility beyond all this. It is one of the best intellectual tonics ever applied by a teacher. Scarcely any thing else is so improving to the mind. To most persons, this is doubtless the chief advantage of studying almost any language but their own. Their faculties are continually taxed, and often most vigorously exercised, to ascertain the meaning, and then to express it in their own vernacular. But here the question arises, May not this point be gained, and better gained, and almost every other point better gained, by the study of our own language? The study of Latin may indeed improve our minds more for the understanding of that language, than of our own. But to aid in understanding the latter, surely nothing can reasonably be put in competition with the study of English. Will it be said, that the study of English is too easy, the task too light, for the best mental discipline? But who has such an acquaintance with English, as to render the task too easy? If any, I should rejoice to sit at his feet and learn—to learn the meaning of a thousand passages. Who will seriously pretend, that he has not met with many difficulties, if he has attempted to understand with precision, Paradise Lost, the Night Thoughts, the Essay on Man, the Seasons, the Task or the Course of Time? But the cases of difficulty are probably much more numerous, than the reader supposes. Many passages, not suspected of difficulty, he has quite misunderstood. From many more, he has taken scarcely any idea. Probably he has not understood half the sentences, exactly as the author intended. The teacher of Hermeneutics will often be surprised to find, how differently, and how incorrectly, passages will be understood by different individuals.

METHOD OF TEACHING HERMENEUTICS.

It may be well for the class to consist of about twelve numbers, thought without much inconvenience, the number may vary from five to twenty. As this is among the higher and more difficult branches of literature, the members of the class must be considerably improved by other studies, to pursue it with advantage, at least to explain the following selection.* For the first lesson, assign about twenty lines, with the direction, that they shall endeavor to be able to define and parse every word, and explain every phrase, and also that they mark every difficulty, that they may feel unable to solve. At recitation, ask each member, "How many difficulties have you marked?" writing the numbers reported against their respective names. Then inquire of the class successively, what difficulties they marked, and mark them all in your own book. Then begin with the first marked difficulty, and say to one, who had not marked it, "How do you solve it?" If he answers to your satisfaction, place a straight mark against his name, by way of credit. If not, place a cross against his name, as a debt-mark. Then put the difficulty to the next, and proceed in the same manner. If none can solve the difficulty, give them your own views of the subject, encouraging them, at the same time, to state such objections, inquiries and remarks, as they may judge important. This they may be backward to do at first; but your kind, affectionate and familiar conversation will soon bring them to do it, much to their satisfaction and yours. Proceed in the same manner, with all the marked difficulties; and then give

* Perhaps it might be well to teach this branch to young children, with suitable exercises; but that experiment I have not formally tried.

them such others as may appear eligible. Let every difficulty, if possible, be as thoroughly and clearly discussed and settled, as may seem needful. When a marked difficulty comes in course, to any one who marked it, he may be passed over, without any performance, or any mark against his name. But few marked difficulties will probably be reported at first; yet you will doubtless find them sufficiently plenteous after a few days; and your pupils will be astonished to find, how many difficulties they could pass over insensibly.

The lessons may be gradually lengthened, as you may judge expedient. You can make such use as you please of the record of performances. I have been accustomed to read it at public examination, without fearing or finding any evil from the excitements of emulation.

It may be well to proceed regularly through the Poetic Reader in teaching Hermeneutics. Nay ten times as much seems very desirable. But this seems impossible, where so many branches, comparatively insignificant if not directly injurious, *must* be attended to.

DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

GENERAL DIRECTION.

Read as you should speak.

This is the grand rule of rules. It applies to all cases, without the least exception. It must indeed have one modification, as we shall soon see; but no exception. The modification relates to circumstances. To express this rule then with the modification. *Read as you should speak under the same circumstances.* Read as you should utter the same words, to express the same thoughts, just rising in your own mind.

The reason of this rule may be obvious to a little reflection. The object in both cases is precisely the same; and therefore, the means should be the same. Suppose I were addressing you as a pupil, and speaking to you the very words of these pages. I should wish you to receive exactly every idea, that they are designed to express—to understand every word and phrase, to receive the instructions they are intended to convey, to remember them, and to derive from them, every possible advantage. Now if I were to read them to you, my object would be in all respects, exactly the same. I ought then to adopt the same manner in both cases; the same pitch, the same articulation and pronunciation, the same general movement, the same accelerations and retardations, the same pauses, the same slides and inflections of voice, the same emphases &c. &c. All these should be adapted to convey the sense, and make the impression in the best manner; and whatever manner would be best in speaking, must be best in reading. If a preacher addresses his congregation upon the great concerns of eternity, whether he expresses extemporaneously tho'ts that arise in his mind at the time, or reads a composition, expressing the same thoughts in the same words, the words in both cases, should be uttered in the same manner—in the manner best adapted to be understood, felt, remembered and well improved. If the reader varies from the best manner of speaking, it must be for the worse. If a man leads the devotions of others by uttering the words of prayer, whether these words are read or uttered extempore, or spoken from memory, the manner should be the same—such as is most conducive to edification.

Some have objected, that the speaking manner is not sufficiently dignified for reading.

"There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies!—his theme, divine;
His office, sacred; his credentials, clear.
By him, the violated law speaks out
Its thunders."

Now suppose this "messenger of truth" to be truly eloquent, and to speak out the thunders of the law, as the thoughts burst forth from an overflowing heart. Is there any want of dignity in his manner? Do we ever hear any reading, that is quite so dignified, so solemn, so awfully thrilling? To read the most solemn and dignified compositions, as we should naturally speak trifles, would indeed be improper, and intolerable. Would it not be equally improper to speak the most solemn and momentous things, as we should read trifles?

Here then you have a standard within you, at least, as far as you can speak well, to which you may continually refer, to correct

your errors in reading, and to help you forward to higher and higher degrees of perfection.

This manner of reading as, we should speak, is called *reading naturally*. In itself, this designation may not be quite proper. No doubt, the best speakers are formed much more by art, than by nature. It was a striking remark of the most distinguished elocutionist in our country, "Here, art is an overmatch for nature." But "the perfection of art is to conceal the art." Those, therefore, who have made the highest attainments in the art of speaking, appear the most artless—the most natural; and those, who approach nearest to this manner in their reading, may be denominated the most natural readers.

I have intimated, that this great rule of rules should sometimes be applied with one modification. It should vary with circumstances. A speech should not be read in private, as it should be publicly delivered. If you should attempt to vociferate the challenge of Goliath, as the giant spoke it, you would render yourself ridiculous, and still fall short of the dreadful original. Still we should always read in the natural, colloquial manner, however we may vary in loudness, and in all other respects, in which good speaking may vary.

The question now arises, How shall we learn to read as we should speak? In answer to this, it may be proper to suggest a number of

MORE PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

Direction I.

Endeavor to realize the difficulties of good reading.

Without this, you cannot reasonably hope to gain it. Good reading is not the gift of Nature; much less, of chance. It must be the result of vigorous, persevering effort. Very great difficulties must be surmounted. Unnatural habits must be subdued. You must be able to perceive a multitude of letters at a single glance, and know what words they compose. At the same time, you must understand and feel every sentiment expressed, articulate almost as many sounds as there are letters, with a great variety of pauses, emphases and variations of voice, as you would express the same thoughts and feelings of your own, rising at that moment in your minds. A task more difficult was scarcely ever attempted by mortal. Surely, it is not strange, that many should read so very imperfectly, especially, as it respects propriety of tone, &c. The wonder is, that any person can read so as to be understood; and especially, that any one can read in a manner to interest, to impress and edify. As for perfection in reading, it is by no means to be supposed, that any one ever attained it, or ever will.

But be not discouraged nor faint hearted. Let none of these things move you, except to awaken your energies, and call forth your utmost efforts. Whatever discouragements these obstacles may present, you have much greater encouragements. Others have succeeded, and you certainly may. The energies of real greatness do but kindle and burst forth, by the pressure of difficulties. There is no calculating, what the immortal faculties can do, when properly stimulated, properly directed, and happily assisted by the blessing of Heaven. Such blessing you may seek, and hope to enjoy.

"Despair of nothing which you would attain;
Unweari'd diligence your point will gain."

Of this, however, be sure, if you think excellence in reading an easy attainment, you will probably live and die a bad reader.

Direction II.

Endeavor to realize the importance of good reading.

What a motive will this afford to urge you forward. Without this, you might stand appalled. But reading is the most important branch of literary education. It enables us to converse with remote nations and distant ages—to walk in Paradise with Adam and with God, to hold delightful intercourse with Abel and Noah, to sojourn in Canaan with the three pilgrims, to pass the Red Sea with the ransomed tribes; to hear the thunders of Sinai; to witness the more awful and melting scenes of Calvary. It is this, that gives us to drink of the mighty rivers of knowledge, that have rolled down from the highest antiquity. It unlocks the storehouses of science and literature, to bless us with their amazing treasures. It presents us with the true, the durable, the unfading, the ever-brightening riches of the world to come; and urges us to receive the infinite boon, without money and without price.

By writing and reading, we can converse with friends remote, to the very antipodes. It is this, that can

"Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indies, to the pole."

By this more than magic art, we can instruct not only ourselves but others—hundreds at once. The parent can rear the olive plants around his board, to bear immortal fruits; the pastor, his flock; the teacher, his pupils; and friends, one another.

It is this art perhaps, more than any other, that has conduced to distinguish man from brute, and still more wonderfully to distinguish man from his brother man.

How important, then, is the art of reading; and the more perfectly it is attained, the richer the acquisition. How ardently, then, should we engage in pressing forward for such a boon—in pressing upward for higher and higher attainments!

Direction III.

Learn to speak in the best manner possible.

The grand rule is not, as some have stated, Read *as* you speak; but Read as you *should* speak. In order to *read* well, then, you must *speak* well. It is not to be supposed, that any person will read better, than he speaks. Most persons read incomparably worse. Probably no person reads quite so well. Though in some cases, he may come up to his speaking standard, in general, he will fall below it. It is desirable, then, to improve your manner of speaking to the utmost. The more perfect the model, the more excellent may be the copy. By speaking here, I mean your conversation; indeed, whatever you utter extemporaneously.

But how shall your speaking be improved? In the first place, use your utmost endeavors to discover and discard your bad habits. To discover them is half the business. "To know ourselves diseased, is half our cure." But how shall you make the discovery? This will probably be found much more difficult, than you can easily imagine. They are doubtless much greater and more numerous, than you have ever suspected. You have been so long familiar inmates with these enemies, that they seem your friends; and you may be very reluctant to suspect, that they are really foes. Try to realize, that you are imperfect, that your faults in speaking may be as many and as great, as those of others, that have excited your compassion or your ridicule. Your faults may be such, as you least suspect. They may have been growing with your growth, and strengthening with your strength, from your very infancy. You must, then, make the most diligent search. What are the faults, which, it is possible, you may be accustomed to commit in conversation? Is your speech apt to be too loud?—too low?—too rapid?—too moderate?—too monotonous?—too stiff?—too artificial?—Do you speak in a whining, drawling manner? Do you ever appear too bold and emphatic, bordering upon rudeness and insolence? Have you an affected softness and delicacy of manner, as disgustful, as it is unnatural? Is your pronunciation such, as it should be? And especially do you well articulate every word, every syllable and every sound? Do you not abandantly substitute one sound for another? Do you vary your conversation according to circumstances? Let such questions as these, pass under your review again and again. Examine yourself by them, while actually conversing. Take them one by one, and ask yourself, Am I guilty of this fault?—of this?—of this? Be most severe in your scrutiny upon those faults, that you may scarcely suspect.

Avail yourself also of the criticisms of others. Beg your friends to mention your faults to you as freely, as they would to others, and much more so, not sparing even the worst. The worst are the most important to be known.

As fast as you detect your faults, write them down, enter their names on your list of proscription, and let them be doomed to the most speedy execution? Fix them in your memory, and be prepared to slay them, whenever and wherever they may meet you. Call in the aid of every friend. Let them all be slain and buried so deep, as never to rise.

As far as possible, gain access to the best speakers; and carefully note what it is in them, besides their fine thoughts, and fine arrangement and fine expressions—what it is in their mere manner of speaking, that renders their discourse so interesting and instructive. Note their every excellence, and, as far as possible, make it your own. But be sure to make it completely your own. Let no one suspect, that you are attempting to shine in the robes of another. If you can associate freely with good speakers, and encourage them to take their full share in conversation, you will find, that their example, even without your special effort for imitation, will have an influence upon your speaking, as beneficial, as it is captivating. O there are those, a goodly number in our land, a full proportion of females, whose conversation is a feast indeed, that can hardly fail to impart life, health and beauty to the speech of their associates. Have you such among your friends? Regard them as your choice jewels, your precious treasures, delightfully ornamental, and still more useful. Let them improve you to the utmost.

It may be useful to give in plain language the following

RULES FOR CORRECTING FAULTS IN SPEAKING

1. In a book, kept for the purpose, note every fault, as soon as you discover it.

2. Frequently read them over with the closest attention, endeavoring to feel the evils of retaining those faults, and the importance of correcting them.

3. Practise abundantly the excellence, that is opposite to each fault, you have noted.

4. Derive all possible aid from the criticisms of others.

5. Afford all possible aid to others in discovering and correcting the same faults.

Direction IV.

Transfer the speaking manner to your reading.

This work it may be well to begin immediately. If you wait to perfect your speaking, you will never begin. Wait not a moment. You may improve both together. You can now speak much better than you can read. Your speaking is indeed your standard for reading. Let this standard be carried forward as fast as possible; and let reading follow with the utmost speed.

Be not diverted from this standard, by the reading of others, though better than your own. Though their reading may be much better than yours, yet probably they cannot read nearly so well, as you are accustomed to speak. In some respects, indeed, their reading may be better than your *talk;* but on the whole, not nearly equal. Though their articulation and pronunciation may be much better; their tones, more musical; their enunciation more dignified; yet their pauses, their emphases, their cadences, their elevations, their inflections and other variations of voice, may be greatly inferior; and on the whole, they may not convey the sense so clearly nor so forcibly, as you. If what you speak is considered by the hearer half as important, as what they read, and your language tolerable, your speech will be heard with double interest, and twice as well remembered. Do not then take another model, when you have a better one within you.

But how can you conform your manner of reading to that of your speaking? This may be scarcely less difficult, than to correct your errors in speaking. The general direction is, Endeavor to read naturally, or, as you would speak. This rule is indeed valuable; and probably has done more for the improvement of reading than all others. But surely something more may be said, and perhaps something better. Begin with some short, easy exercise, consisting of short sentences in the language of familiar conversation. Take the first sentence, and see, if you can utter it so as to make it appear like your own talk. If you do not succeed, or very nearly succeed, attempt it again, and if needful, several times, with variations, till you have brought it nearly or quite to the standard in your own mind. Proceed in the same manner with the rest. Go over with the piece again, either in portions of two or three sentences each, or the whole together, as you may judge best. Thus read it over for half an hour, or till the exercise begins to be irksome.

After attending to a few easy pieces in this way, try some, a little more difficult, and then harder still, according to your progress. If you can find a good judge of reading, his criticisms may be very useful. Especially if you can find a good reader, repeat from his lips, without seeing the words yourself–repeat from his lips a few words at a time, adopting his manner as exactly as possible, even though it should not appear the best. This is doubtless one of the best methods, that have yet been discovered to discipline and improve the ear and voice, and acquire a natural manner of reading. Any alterations in the manner of reading may be freely suggested and discussed. But at the time, the imitation should resemble the model, as nearly, as possible.

It may be scarcely less useful to yourself to pronounce words and phrases for others to repeat after you. This you may attempt, as soon as you can read a few of the easiest pieces tolerably to your own satisfaction.

Take one of your most familiar letters, and endeavor to read it to some one, as you would speak the same words just rising in your own mind.

You may be ready to inquire, whether the colloquial manner should be transferred to the reading of poetry? Unquestionably it should be; at least, as far as the poetry can be termed colloquial. It is said of Pope, that he "lisp'd in numbers; for the numbers came." Now suppose, the little poet could have written down his numbers, and then read them, should they not be uttered in just the same manner, as if delivered extemporaneously? Could we converse in poetry equal to the most exalted strains of Pollok or Byron or Cowper or Thomson or Pope or Young or Watts or Milton himself, we ought to speak every word in the manner best adapted to enlighten the understanding and to impress the heart.

Precisely in the same manner, should every word be read. Thus peradventure the hum-

ble pupils now in the school of their divine Master, will converse with far nobler thoughts, and loftier language "in the bright world above." But it is extremely difficult for us now to adapt the conversation manner to such exalted thoughts and expressions, so very much above what we are accustomed to utter and to hear. It is very difficult to imagine, at least, with regard to many expressions in our great poems, how they should be uttered in conversation; and perhaps no person can read a page of them, so as to make it appear perfectly natural. And yet let us not be discouraged. Something may be done, though much may remain undone. Scarcely any thing is easier, than to rise above that grossly unnatural and almost unintelligible manner, that is so common and so disgustful. And by close attention and rigorous efforts, you may, ere long, be able to read, at least a goodly number of select passages of our most gifted bards, to the edification and delight of yourself and others.

"Despair of nothing which you would attain;
Unweari'd diligence your point will gain."

Good instruction will greatly accelerate your progress, and you may press upward to attainments higher and higher, more and more delightful.

To view the subject a little more closely. Though many of their phrases are uncommon, and may seem far above the common habits of speech, yet much the greater part are common, the very talk of our childish days. To these, the natural manner may be easily applied, and then gradually extended to those less common, until it is in a good measure, applied to the most uncommon and difficult. This, however, cannot be effected without much labor; and a single sentence may cost the toil of half an hour.

For some persons, the above directions and remarks may be sufficient and more than sufficient. Others, however, and by far the greater number, may need farther directions, and such as are more particular in their application. A few more of this character, then, I proceed to add. Some of them may have been incidentally mentioned already.

Direction V.

Endeavor to read every word accurately.

Among the greatest faults in reading, is inaccuracy; and with young readers, it is almost universal. It is a deviation from accuracy; which consists in uttering in their order, every word of the author, and no more. Without a good degree of accuracy, the reading must be bad, whatever be its other excellences. This fault often destroys the sense, or adds a meaning, that is most absurd or ridiculous. It is distressing even to think of some mistakes, that have been made in reading the word of God. To prevent or cure this evil, read slowly, cautiously and frequently in the hearing of others, who may be able to correct you, or give you a hint, to correct yourself; and especially, endeavor to understand what you read. By this, you may avoid turning what you read into nonsense or absurdity. The exercise of spelling, pronouncing words for spelling, or studying lessons preparatory, may conduce to accuracy in reading.

Direction VI.

Distinctly articulate every sound.

Strictly speaking, articulation may be considered as a part of pronunciation. But the importance of the subject may render it proper to consider it under a distinct head.

"A good articulation," says Sheridan, "consists in giving every letter in a syllable, its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing, and in making such a distinction between the syllables, of which words are composed, that the ear shall, without difficulty, acknowledge their member, and perceive at once, to which syllable each letter belongs. A good articulation is to the ear, what a fair and regular hand is to the eye in writing; and exactness in sounding the words rightly, corresponds to propriety in spelling. In both cases, the understanding comprehends what is offered to it, with ease and quickness, without being obliged to have recourse to painful attention."—"It is a disgrace to a gentleman to be guilty of false spelling, either by omitting, changing or adding letters, contrary to custom. Yet it shall be no disgrace to omit letters, or even syllables, in speaking, and so to huddle his words together, as to render them utterly unintelligible. Yet surely exactness in the latter is a point of much more importance, than in the former, in whatever light, we view it."*

Here it may be useful to mention a few of the most common instances of bad articulation. Broad *a* is often pronounced like grave *a*. Thus, in the words *all*, *ball*, *hall*, *call*, *small*, *tall*, *squall*, &c. the *a* is sounded like *a* in *part*, *art*, *cart*. Short *o* is transformed much in the same manner, in such instances as *arder* for *order*, *barder* for *border*, *card* for *cord*, *recarder* for *recorder*, *fallow* for *follow*, *hallow* for *hollow*, *barrow* for *borrow*, *sarrow* for *sorrow*, *tomarrow* for *tomorrow*. The following words are often mispronounced in the

* Sheridan on Elocution.

same manner, *coffer*, *coffin*, *college*, *collar*, *column*, *conduct*, *contract*, *common*, &c. Another fault in pronouncing the same class of words is substituting the sound of short *u* for short *o*, as *cullege*, *knullege* for *college*, *knowledge*. The letters *c*, *t*, *p*, *s*, are often substituted for *g*, *d*, *b*, *z*, respectively, as *cood* for *good*, *tark* for *dark*, *pad* for *bad*, *seal* for *zeal*. The sound of *n* is often made to supply the place of that of *ng*, as *workin* for *working*, *noddin* for *nodding*, *sellin* for *selling*, *Washinton* for *Washington*. The letters *ow*, in which the *w* is silent, and the *o* long, are often sounded like *er*, as *holler*, *waller*, *yeller*, *winder*, *shadder*, *widder*, for *hollow*, *wallow*, *yellow*, *window*, *shadow*, *widow*. The dipthong *oi* is frequently sounded like *i* long, as *ile*, *pint*, *disappint*, *jint*, *anint*, for *oil*. *point*, *disappoint*, *joint*, *anoint*. Many omit the sound of *h* in words beginning with *wh*, as *witch*, *wen*, *wot*, *wite*, *wile*, *wip*, *ware*, for *which*, *when*, *what*, *white*, *while*, *whip*, *where*. One of the most common and obstinate faults of articulation, is sounding long *i* or *y*, like *ai*, as *bai*, *dai*, *flai*, *lai*, *mai*, *nai*, *pai*, for *by*, *die*, *fly*, *lie*, *my*, *nigh*, *pie*; and *rai*, *sai*, *tai*, *vai*, for *rye*, *sigh*, *tie*, *vie*. A fault, much less frequent, is substituting *v* for *w*, and *w* for *v*, as *vent*, *vine*, for *went*, *wine*; and *wane*, *wanity*, *wexation* for *vain*, *vanity*, *vexation*. The sound of *t* is often omitted, when it comes between *f* and *s*, as *lifs*, *gifs*, *sifs*, for *lifts*, *gifts*, *sifts*; and *rafs*, *wafs*, *grafs*, for *rafts*, *wafts*, *grafts*. The omission of *ts* after *s*, is still more common, as *jes*, *tes*, *res*, *nes*, for *jests*, *tests*, *rests*, *nests*, But the greatest fault of articulation, and the one, with which the ear of taste is most tortured in New England, is a certain manner, or rather two manners, of sounding the dipthong *ou*. It seems to consist in inserting *a* sharp or *e* long, before the diphthong, as *na ow* or *ne-ow* for *now*, *ca-ow* or *ke-ow* for *cow*, *ha-ow* or *he-ow* for *how*. It is peculiarly unhappy, that as this fault is the greatest, it is the most difficult to be cured. The best way to effect this, is to pronounce the elementary sounds of the dipthong very distinctly, at some distance from each other, and then gradually nearer and nearer together, till the dipthong is pronounced in its usual time, as it should be. The pronunciation of *ke-ing* for *kind*, *ske-i* for *sky*, *ge-ard* for *guard*, &c. seem to be a fault of the same kind; and the only reason, that it is not equally disgustful, is, that it is in some places fashionable. To some, however, it does appear like the superfluity of naughtiness.

But the faults of omission appear to be the most common, especially in conversation. It is a fault, which many commit in almost every sentence, as *evry* for *every*, *enmy* for *enemy*, *colny* for *colony*, *Febuary* for *February*, *articlation* for *articulation*, *particlar* for *particular*, *abomible* for *abominable*.

Very few indeed of those who speak our language, are probably free from this fault, not to mention others of less importance. The grand practical question is, how to cure them. This is generally among the greatest difficulties, appertaining to the acquisition of this art, whether we teach or learn. The exercise of spelling, as generally practised in our schools, may be greatly conducive to this end. It is this, perhaps, that gives the greatest value to the spelling book. This book might be much more useful, if special attention were paid to articulation. Pronouncing words for others to spell, may be still more useful. It seems, therefore, in general, doubly desirable, that the pupils should relieve the teacher of this toilsome task. For curing particular faults, it may be desirable to pronounce words much more slowly, and to sound each letter much more forcibly, than propriety would require.

For curing the faults of other persons, probably the best, and by far the best, method is to let them repeat words and phrases after you, without seeing them at the time. If your pupil sees them at the time of repeating, it will have a great tendency to plunge him into his old bad habits, which are so closely associated with the appearance of the words. It is often astonishing, and no less delightful, to see the progress, that the pupil will make by this exercise, in a very short time. Begin with an individual. Let him repeat a word at a time, till he has repeated several in succession. Let a number more, perhaps the whole class in succession, go through the same operation. Then exercise the whole, by giving a word to one, a word to the next, &c. Afterwards, two may pronounce the same word, at the same time. Thus, let them exercise by pairs; then three together, &c. &c. till the whole perform in concert. This will be a very great saving of time, and in some respects, it may be more useful to each one, than repeating alone. Individual repeating, however, must still be practised in some measure, to detect and give the faults of each. Yet with regard to this, as well as every thing else, the discretion and ingenuity of the teacher must often lead him to deviate from the best rules he can receive, and from time to time, to deviate from himself. He will probably find it expedient, however, gradually to increase the length of the portions, repeated at once, until they are extended to fifteen or twenty syllables. Perhaps he may find it useful to begin with the

words, that are given as examples, containing the elementary sounds and dipthongs, in the following specimen, *bane, lane, pain, stain, bad, lad, had, mad,* &c. &c.

ELEMENTARY ENGLISH SOUNDS.

1. Sound of *a* long, as in bane, lane, pain.
2. Sound of *a* short, as in bad, lad, had.
3. Sound of *a* broad, as in call, fall, hall.
4. Sound of *a* grave, as in bar, car, dart, art.
5. Sound of *a* sharp, as in care, dare, fare.
6. Sound of *b*, as in ball, bell, garb, orb.
7. Sound of *d*, as in dark, den, din, add.
8. Sound of *e* long, as in be, me, tree, eat.
9. Sound of *e* short, as in met, get, debt.
10. Sound of *f*, as in fate, full, laugh, calf.
11. Sound of *g*, as in gay, get, gall, egg.
12. Sound of *h*, as in hay, he, high.
13. Sound of *i* short, as in bin, din, chin, fin.
14. Sound of *j*, as in joy, just, jest, jesture.
15. Sound of *k*, as in can, cup, king, keg.
16. Sound of *l*, as in lay, lee, ell, bell, cell.
17. Sound of *m*, as in may, me, my, am, em.
18. Sound of *n*, as in nay, knee, nigh, no.
19. Sound of *o* long, as in Job, robe, roll,
20. Sound of *o* middle, as in coat, none,
21. Sound of *o* short, as in not, sot, plot, cot.
22. Sound of *oo*, as in boon, noon, loom.
23. Sound of *p*, as in pay, pea, pie, Po, pew.
24. Sound of *r*, as in ray, pray, stray, war.
25. Sound of *s*, as in say, see, sigh, so, sue.
26. Sound of *t*, as in take, tack, ate, mate.
27. Sound of *u* short, as in run, son, one,
28. Sound of *u* broad, as in pull, full, bush.
29. Sound of *v*, as in vile, vain, view, vast.
30. Sound of *w*, as in way, wane, would.
31. Sound of *y*, as in yard, year, ewe,
32. Sound of *z*, as in zeal, zest, zone, lazy.
33. Sound of *z* rough, as in azure, osier.
34. Sound of *ch*, as in chain, chin, chide.
35. Sound of *sh*, as in she, shame, share.
36. Sound of *th* soft, thank, thatch, thaw,
37. Sound of *th* hard, as in they, thee, thy.
38. Sound of *ng*, as in sang, song, tongs.

ENGLISH DIPHTHONGS.

1. Sound of *i* long, compounded of grave *a* and *e* long, closely pressed together, as in pine, nine, wine, vine, bind, kind, mind, height, sleight.

2. Sound of *ai*, compounded of grave *a* and *e* long, uttered at a perceptible distance from each other, as in Sinai, Micaiah, Seraiah, Delaiah.

3. Sound of *ou*, compounded of broad *a* and *oo*, as in cow, Dow, how, mow, thou, clown, down, frown, gown, noun, town, bound, found, hound, mound, pound, sound, wound.

4. Sound of *oi*, compounded of broad *a* and *i* short, as in coin, join, loin, joint, point, cloy, joy, alloy, destroy, toy, employ.

5. Sound of *u* long, compounded of long *e* and *oo*, as in blew, due, few, grew, hew, Jew, lieu, mew, new, pew, true, fume, illume, assume, beauty, duty.

According to Mr. Walker, we have 26 simple sounds. Four, that I have mentioned, namely, *a* sharp, *j*, *o* middle and *ch* are omitted from his list. Long *i* and long *u*, that I consider dipthongs are found among his simples. He afterwards acknowledges, however, that *i* long and *u* long are dipthongs, and that *j* represents the sound of *g* soft, so that in reality he seems to be incorrect in but three points, namely the sounds, which I would represent by *a* sharp, *o* middle and *ch*.

It is peculiarly desirable, that the pupil should be well exercised in repeating these examples, to discipline his voice and to discover, whether there are not some sounds, that he finds it peculiarly difficult, or even impossible, to utter correctly. Upon these, if such are found, he may be drilled most thoroughly. If more than one, are found faltering upon the same sound, they may form a little class, to be drilled together, and to drill one another, upon scores of words, selected for the purpose. If the pupils can select these, so much the better. This will be bringing the remedy directly to the disease, instead of making the same application to a dozen different maladies.

To improve articulation in yourself, ascertain, as exactly as possible, how every elementary sound is formed. These sounds in our language, as we have seen, are 38 in number. The human voice is capable of forming more. Other articulate sounds we sometimes hear. Others are used in some other languages. But ours are 38 only. These are formed by the breath, or air from the lungs, passing through the organs of speech, or modified by them. As the organs of speech are placed in different positions, different sounds are uttered. Wrong sounds are often uttered; because the organs are wrongly placed. And the wonder is not, that such mistakes often occur, but that they are not ten times more frequent, especially in little children. This is doubtless among the most astonishing achievements, that human nature can boast. The little child, with all his disadvantages of ignorance, imbecilty and inexperience, in the short period of 20 or 30 months, acquires the art of forming 38 different sounds, by varying the position of his organs, and forcing his breath through them, so that in a moment, he can form any one of them—can form any number of them in the

very order he should ; and all this, quick as the moments fly—all this, with scarcely a conscious thought. At this almost miraculous phenomenon, we cease to wonder; because it is so common. But surely this should raise our wonder more.

The organs of speech are those parts of the human body, which are particularly used in speaking. If any of these are destroyed or injured, speech will be destroyed or impaired. They are the lungs, windpipe, throat, larynx, glottis, palate, teeth, tongue, lips and nostrils. The larynx is the upper part of the windpipe, consisting of four or five cortilages or gristly substances. The glottis is a small opening at the top of the larynx, through which, the breath is conveyed. The palate is the upper part of the mouth. The other organs are sufficiently known. By attending to the positions and operations of these organs, we may be assisted, to see how the sounds are formed. In this way, we may be greatly aided in correcting and improving the articulations of ourselves and others, and, also to preserve and improve the vocal powers themselves.

Direction VII.

Endeavor to understand what you read.

It may, indeed, be possible sometimes to read a phrase with propriety, that we do not understand ; but not often. There is scarcely a phrase in the language of more than two words, but may convey different meanings, as read in different ways. It is sometimes the case, that by variations in reading, a sentence may convey as many meanings, as it contains words. It must be a mere chance, then, if the reader happens to convey the meaning, that he does not perceive. But among different meanings, how shall we determine, which the author intended ? This presents a difficulty, which is often great indeed, and sometimes insurmountable. In the first place, it is often difficult for an author to find words, that are suited to express his thoughts exactly. Even if he is perfectly successful in this, still we have other difficulties to surmount, in order to gain his meaning. Almost every word he uses, has different meanings ; and some have several. To the word *hand*, Johnson has assigned more than 50 meanings ; to *look*, 25 ; to *loose*, 18 ; to *love*, 19 ; to *low*, 23 ; to *make*, 70. How shall we know, what signification the author meant to attach to each word ? Even if the precise meaning of each word is determined, a sentence may convey different ideas, according as different circumstances are alluded to. Thus the question, *Will you give me your great bible ?* may have five meanings, in some respect different, and admit five different answers, according as it is uttered in different ways. If the chief stress of voice is laid upon *you*, the answer may be, No, another person will give you one ; if upon *give*; No, I will *lend* it to you?—if upon *me ?*—No, but to your brother ;—if upon *great ;*—No, but my small one ; if upon *bible.* No, but my testament. Still, at each time, each word is used almost exactly in the same sense ; and the question has constantly very nearly the same general meaning, besides the adventitious ideas alluded to. How shall we know, to what adventitious idea the author would allude ?—or whether to any ? The difficulties are so many and so great, that it may seem astonishing, that any one should ever overcome them. And perhaps no one ever did entirely overcome them, for ten pages together, upon any subject not mathematical. It is doubtful, whether any man can read a volume, even though written by himself upon such a subject, and take exactly the ideas, that he meant to communicate, and no more. Indeed, it is probable, that many men do not know, what they mean themselves at the very time they are writing. When a sermon or an oration is addressed to 1000 people, probably no two of them understand it exactly alike, nor any one receives just the ideas, intended by the speaker. It is probable, that most readers, especially young readers, do exceedingly misjudge, with regard to their understanding of what they read. A youth of 14 or 16, who has hastily perused the Night Thoughts, may rejoice in believing, that he has understood almost every sentence of that great and admirable poem, when it may be, that from one half, he has taken scarcely any definite idea, and misunderstood half the remainder. Had he studied and recited it, as he would the pages of Virgil and Homer, the case would be widely different, and doubtless much better.

I have suggested these hints, not to discourage, but to stimulate. No person will make an effort, unless he feels, that he has something to do. To the student, who is really willing to take fast hold of this branch of instruction, the following hints may afford some assistance.

RULES FOR UNDERSTANDING AN AUTHOR.

1. Keep your dictionary at hand, and see, that you understood the principal meaning or meanings of every word.†

† Webster's great dictionary, in two quarto volumes, is probably much better for this purpose, than any other, or than all others.

2. Endeavor clearly to understand the grammatical construction of every phrase.

3. Ascertain, if possible, whether the principal words are used literally or figuratively. Words are often used figuratively in senses not found in any dictionary. It may often be difficult, and sometimes impossible, to ascertain this point with certainty. The general rule is, to consider an expression literal, when thus considered it does not appear absurd.

4. If any expression seems obscure, pay particular attention to the connection, immediate and remote.

5. Consider the subject, of which the author is treating.

6. Consider the author's object—the end or design, he wished to accomplish.

7. In case of difficult compositions, such as Paradise lost, the Night Thoughts, the Essay on Man, the Seasons, the Task, &c. endeavor to ascertain the history of the author, and the history of the poem.

8. Consider, as far as practicable, the condition, character, and circumstances of the persons, for whom, the work was designed.

Upon this important and difficult subject of Hermeneutics or Interpretation, see Watts's Improvement of the Mind, Chap. VIII. and also for understanding the Scriptures, Evangelical Primer, p. 68, published 1828, or later.

Direction VIII.

Endeavor to feel what you read.

Most compositions are intended and suited to excite feelings, as well as to communicate thoughts. In this respect, however, there is great diversity in different compositions. We should endeavor to receive the exact impression, that the words are suited to make; and then it will be comparatively easy to speak them out, as expressive of our own feelings. In such cases our tones, our looks, our gestures, our every action, will be suited to convey the impression intended. We should not, however, affect to feel, when we are really cold. Scarcely any thing will render us more ridiculous and disgustful. Nor should we attempt to excite in ourselves, more feeling, than suits the subject. To over act is worse, than to fall short.

But how shall we make ourselves feel? How shall we kindle within us, those emotions, which we must have, in order to do justice to a pathetic composition. Two or three directions may here be acceptable to the young reader.

1. Endeavor to improve your taste to the utmost. Learn to feel, and to feel more and more exquisitely. Taste may be improved, no less than the other faculties. Converse with the beauties and sublimities of nature and art—of matter and mind. Read, and read again, and endeavor to understand and relish, the finest descriptions by the most gifted bards. Read and study the best authors on taste and criticism, such as Blair, Gerard, Kaims,† &c. If practicable, converse much and freely with persons of taste upon topics relating to this subject. Write poetry if you can. It will have a happy influence to improve your taste, and prepare you to kindle a flame at another's fire. Most earnestly and devoutly study the most striking passages of the Scriptures. Even for such a purpose as this, there is none else to be compared with these words of fire.

But all this is the work of years; and you wish to commence the business of reading immediately. Immediately you may commence it, agreeably to the next rule; and then with all possible speed, go on unto perfection, with the utmost aid you can derive from every source.

2. By silent reading or otherwise, become familiarly acquainted with what you would read to others.

3. Endeavor to realize the scene, connected with what you read. This applies more particularly to speeches and written addresses, whether to individuals, to assemblies, to particular classes of men or to nations. Consider well, who and where and what, was the speaker or writer, and who and where and what, were the persons addressed, as well as what was said and the particular occasion. Let the eye of imagination paint to the fancy, as far as may be, every important object, and most striking circumstance; and then, let your mental eye affect your heart. Would you read the sermon on the mount, go in imagination to Immanuel's land. Behold the Savior ascending the eminence. The crowd give way, to allow him a passage. With what simple dignity he takes his seat. His eyes beem forth love and compassion. His countenance speaks, while his mouth is shut. His disciples are at his feet. The multitudes cover the hill. Every eye is fixed upon him. All is silence, attention and the deepest solemnity. And now, the holy lips unclose. Listen to his gracious words. Do you not seem to hear him say, "Blessed are the poor in spirit—Blessed are they that mourn—Blessed are the meek?"—and thus proceed from *Bles-*

† Alison on Talta is a good production, a work of uncommon ingenuity; but unquestionably incorrect in theory, and of little practical utility.

sed to *Blessed*, till he calls upon his enraptured disciples, to rejoice and be exceeding glad, in spite of all the tortures, that men and devils can inflict! Can you witness these scenes, and hear these words, even in idea, without deeply feeling the sentiments they inspire? And if you have received the impression, then it is only for you to speak out what you feel, in the very words of the Savior; and thus to pour into the hearts of others, the emotions of your own. Many other examples might be mentioned, some of them much more affecting than this. But in order to feel them, and read them, as we should, we must not only consider the words, but take a view of the scenery and the circumstances.

Here I cannot but remark, that of all reading-books, the bible is by far the best; and that proper efforts to read the bible in the best manner, are peculiarly suited to impress divine truth upon the mind and heart, and fit the soul for heaven.

In a similar manner, we may prepare to read other books. Most intensely consider the meaning of what you read, and as far as possible, realize the circumstances.

Direction IX.

Pronounce according to the best standards.

In one sense, indeed, there is but one standard of pronunciation for readers. It is to pronunce every word, as it should be pronounced in conversation. But what is the standard for speakers? Happy indeed would it be, if we had one standard, to which the whole English world should conform their pronunciation. But such standard, alas, we have not. Far from it. Some indeed have claimed that honor for Mr. Walker. But it is undoubtedly true, that Mr. Walker did not quite conform to his own Dictionary. And who does? None, none. Some may suppose, that they conform exactly. But surely, they did not. All, who attend to Walker conform to this standard, as far as they like it. I do the same. But none conform entirely, though some may deviate much more than others.

Perfect uniformity seems indeed desirable. If our pronunciation is very singular, we shall render ourselves ridiculous, and much impair our usefulness. As far as we deviate from those around us, so far we shall diminish our power to profit them, by our speech, or our reading. I will not say, that the attempt of Mr. Walker and his friends, to produce a uniformity, was in no respect laudable. But surely, it was misjudged. They have increased the evil, they have attempted to remedy; at least, in New England. Our pronunciation appears to be by no means, so uniform, as it was forty years ago. This plan of forcing or urging conformity, without convincing the understanding, can never succeed; at least, with us. It savors too much of Popery, to suit our republican feelings and republican habits. I would no more impose my pronunciation upon others, than my creed or my ritual. If I can fairly persuade others, by rational arguments, to adopt my views and practices, I shall rejoice. If others can thus convince and persuade me, I shall still rejoice. If not, we must agree to differ, and bear with each other.

Here let me again charge myself, and advise my reader, to remember and consider the following maxims, which will apply to pronunciation, and to every thing else, where opinion is concerned.

1. My opinion differs as much from another person's, as his from mine.

2. His right to judge and decide for himself, is as good as mine.

3. He has as good a right to his opinion as I to mine, provided he has examined its grounds as much, as closely, as candidly, as devoutly, with equal abilities and opportunities.

4. If his examination has been better than mine, his right to his opinion is proportionably better.

But to give Mr. Walker his due, he seems never to have thought of establishing what he considered the fashion of good speaking, then prevailing, as the everlasting standard, from which, the speaker of English must never deviate. On the contrary, there are many instances of polite usage, which he reprobates, and some, which he considers enormous. Like a genuine Protestant, he dares to rebel against that great Babylonish lady, "the fashionable world; who" says he "are as proud to distinguish themselves by an oddity in language, as in dress."

As we have, therefore, no one standard of pronunciation, to which, we should in all respects conform, we must supply the deficiency in the best manner possible. This may be by adopting some variety of standards to be applied to different words. This may indeed leave many words unsettled. But it seems the best expedient we can now adopt. This method will undoubtedly tend to rational and happy uniformity. But we must wait till the world becomes much more enlightened before we can reasonably expect, that many millions of people will think alike upon a subject so difficult.

STANDARD OF PRONUNCIATION.

1. *The usage of good speakers.* By good speakers, I mean those, who speak our language with a good degree of propriety, and who have some respectability of standing in soceity. The greater part of our citizens may be regarded as good speakers, in this liberal sense of the phrase. Persons of the best taste and highest literary attainments, however, should have the greatest influence in fixing the standard. This is the grand law of pronunciation. If it were universal, extending to all our words, and sanctioned by all good speakers, it would seem to be binding upon every individual. And it is probable, that this law does extend to more than nine tenths of our words, so that it seems presumption for any to pronounce differently. There are some hundreds of words, that are pronounced differently by good speakers. We must, then, have recourse to other standards in cases, where this great standard is divided against itself.

2. *The usage of good speakers, with whom you chiefly associate.* This rule may vary in different sections of the English world. Wherever we are, we must guard against making ourselves ridiculous by singularity of pronunciation. If we can succeed but in part, it may be so much toward promoting our usefulness.

3. *Analogy.* This requires, that the same combination of letters should be pronounced in the same manner. Upon this standard, Mr. Walker is insisting continually. Yet he he sometimes violates it; though he more frequently laments, that it is violated by fashionable speakers. Analogy would require, that the *a* in *angel*, *ancient*, should be short. But it has now become so common to pronounce it long, that to avoid singularity, it may be best to say *anegel, anecient.*

4. *Derivation from English words.* This is a rule of extensive application, and is generally sanctioned by unanimous custom. As derivatives retain the signification of their primitives, it is desirable, that they should have the same pronunciation, as *wise, wisely, full, fully, true, truly.* It is unhappy, that custom has established some exceptions to this rule, as *worthy, cleanly*, from *worth, clean.* When this is the case, the meaning is not so readily apprehended, nor so forcibly felt. The words *cheerful, zealous*, and I think, *heard*, should be pronounced with the *e* long, like their primitives *cheer, zeal, hear.*

5. *Euphony.* Other things being equal, we should prefer a pronounciation, that is most pleasant to the ear, though sometimes the sense may require the contrary.

6. *Ease of pronunciation.* This standard is nearly allied to the preceding. It is generally the case, though not always, that the most harsh and unpleasant words are most difficult to be uttered.

7. *Correspondence between sound and sense.* This may sometimes require a pronunciation, that is harsh and difficult, in order to render the word more expressive and forcible.

8. *Difference of signification*, where the meaning is different. If pronounced alike we make be in danger of mistaking one for the other. There are indeed many words, that custom has fixed in violation of this standard, as *hair, hare, are, air, right, write, rite, wright.* We should be careful, however, that we do not increase the number of these unhappy cases. Surely, the words *heard, sword*, should be pronounced differently from *herd, soared.*

9. *Derivation from other languages.* This I consider the least of all standards. It can be known to but comparatively very few. It may have the weight of a peper-corn, and turn the scale, when there is no weight to counter-balance it, or when opposite weights are equal. Words adopted from other languages, either in whole or in part, should undoubtedly be conformed in pronunciation, to our analogies. Though a few French words may be exceptions, as now being fixed by usage; yet the words *Paris, Ghent, Pisa, Chili, Quito, Mosheim, Quixotte, Pestalozzi, Jahn*, &c. should surely be pronounced according to their spelling, as such combinations are usually pronounced, and as these words, with comparatively few exceptions, have been pronounced in this country. If we adopt foreign soldiers into our ranks, should they not put on our uniform?

It must be remembered, that these nine standards are not infallible, except the first. Some of them may require the same word to be pronounced in one way; and some in another. When this is the case, we must exercise our best judgment in making the selection.

Direction X.

Read with a proper degree of loudness.

This should vary in different situations. The general rule is, to read with such force, as may be most easy and pleasant, both to yourself and your hearers—with such loudness, that all can hear, without an uncomfortable effort, leaving room to increase or diminish the energy, as the sense may require.

Direction XI.

Read upon your natural key.

This is the key, on which you generally

converse. In reading, most persons are apt to take too high a pitch. This is one cause of so much unnatural reading. There is a difference between pitching the voice too high, and reading too loud. A high sound may be very faint, scarcely above a whisper; and a low sound may be loud, as thunder. Generally speaking, the lowest tones are the loudest. The tones of large bells are always lower, and generally louder, than those of small ones. The report of a cannon is much lower and louder, than that of a pistol. Sounds, that are very low, are called deep or grum; those that are very high are shrill. In conversation, the voice is continually rising above the key-note, or falling below it. It should do the same in reading. The want of this rising and falling of the voice, constitutes that monotony, which is so common, so tedious and intolerable in most readers. That the voice may easily rise and fall from the key note, or principal tone, this key note should be taken about mid-way, between the extremes of high and low, of which the voice is capable. This is the key note of common conversation. In reading, most persons are accustomed to take the key note too high. In consequence of this, their reading appears much more unnatural, as they can scarcely raise their voice above the key note.

Direction XII.

Read with proper elevations and cadences.

These variations of voice, which are its rising and falling, were mentioned under the preceding direction. In properly applying these, more than in any thing else, consist the graces of reading. But they are much more than graces. They are more concerned, than almost any other property of reading, in conveying the nicest shades of thought and emotion. Mr. Walker and others have had much to say upon the management of these. But probably it is best, in general, where the best living instructions cannot be enjoyed, to leave this subject, in a great measure, to the learner, to imitate his own colloquial variations in the best manner possible. He may be assisted by oral drillings, while he repeats from the teacher's lips, as above described. But whether he can derive assistance from any formal rules, is doubtful. These variations of the voice are so numerous, so various, so exquisitely delicate and nice in their applications, that they seem in a great measure beyond the reach of rules, at least, for ordinary geniuses. Yet it is possible, that such rules may yet be written upon this subject, as may be highly useful to the self-teaching pupil. I would discourage no one from making the attempt, (What may we not attempt?) though it is a task, if indeed it is possible, it is a task, very far above my talents and my hopes. The best instruction I can now add upon this point, is this—Most cautiously guard against being led astray by those two miserable rules, that have been so often given, which require us to sink the voice at a period, and raise it at an interrogation. These seem to imply, that the voice should neither rise nor fall any where else. The direct instruction of these rules, is bad; and the indirect, very much worse. It is by no means true, that the voice should always fall at a period, or rise at an interrogation. Much less is it true, that it should neither rise nor fall elsewhere. On the contrary, the voice of good speaking is continually rising and falling, sometimes more and sometimes less, with such different and complex variations, as seem beyond the reach of rules. It is often the case, as may be witnessed in conversation, that the last word, the very last syllable, should be raised above all the rest of the sentence. This is most frequently the case in the best compositions, in which sentences are closed with the most important and emphatic words. It is true indeed, that at the close of the high sound, when it has had time to make its full impression, the voice does gently sink in tone, as in point of strength, it sinks down to nothing. The practice of many, of bringing down the whole of the last word, however emphatic, is most unhappy. We are perhaps unable to hear the word, that should thrill through every nerve; or it is pronounced in a manner, so unnatural and disgustful, as to neutralize its force. Nor is the voice always to rise at an interrogation. Though it may always rise, to denote the asking of a question, the elevation is not always, nor perhaps generally, upon the last syllable or word. It is generally upon that word, which is most concerned in asking the question, and chiefly upon the most accented syllable. The study and practice of music may greatly aid the pupil in attending to this part of reading.

Direction XIII.

Read with due emphasis.

In nothing does good reading more consist than in proper emphasis. Speaking upon the importance of emphasis, Mr. Sheridan remarks, "The reading of the church service is often so ill-performed, that not only the beauty and spirit of the service are lost, but the very meaning is obscured, concealed, or wholly perverted. I have heard many a clergyman, who did not read one single sentence

as it should be, from the beginning to the end; but I have known few, who were not guilty of many faults in omitting or misplacing the emphasis. And on this account it is, that there is no composition in the English tongue, which is at all attended to, so little understood in general, as the church service."

We have already seen, that the sentence, "Will you give me your great bible," may convey different meanings, as it is pronounced differently. These differences depend principally upon emphasis. Hence, the importance of emphasis, as essential to good reading, can hardly be estimated too highly. But what is emphasis? It has generally been considered, as a special stress of voice upon certain words, to distinguish them from others. It seems to be something more than this, and to include a rise or fall of voice at the close of the word. When the emphatic word is particularly concerned in asking a question, the voice rises at the close of the word. In most other cases, it falls. The effect of the emphasis is greatly increased by making or prolonging a pause, before and after the emphatic word. These are called emphatic pauses. These pauses are not generally considered a part of emphasis, though its effect may depend more upon them, than upon the stress of voice. They are little used, however, even in speaking; much less in reading. Yet doubtless, they might be applied with vast advantage, if proper attention were paid to reading.

The design of emphasis, as we have seen, is to distinguish the emphatic word. The reason is, that the sense depends peculiarly upon such words. The more they are emphasized, within certain limits, the more they will excite our attention, and tend to impress the sentiment. Now, as the sense may depend more or less upon particular words, it is manifest, that these should have different degrees of emphasis. In some cases, the sense of ten or twenty words may depend chiefly upon one of them. In such cases, the emphatic word should be strongly distinguished. When half the words are emphatic, they should receive much less stress, except when some other reason requires additional strength. Other reasons there may be, besides the relative importance of the word. It may express an idea vastly important in itself, or represent something exceedingly great, lovely, glorious or striking, and require correspondent force. Words expressing vigorous emotions, vigorous actions, violent passions, admirable qualities, or any thing excessive, generally require a strong emphasis. The word, that is chiefly concerned in introducing a new subject or topic, is always emphatic. The same word expressing the same thing in the next sentence, may require no emphasis.

Nor are unemphatic words to be uttered alike in this respect. Some force they must all have, in order to be heard; but perhaps they should differ as much in this respect, as emphatic words. Indeed, it may not be possible to draw the line of distinction between these two classes of words. There seems to be a variety of force required, consisting of all possible degrees, from the weakest, to the strongest. No body may be able to tell exactly, what degree of force is necessary to constitute an emphasis, nor always to determine, whether a word should be denominated emphatic. But if the word is properly uttered, it is of no importance to decide, whether we call it emphatic, unemphatic, or neutral.

Emphasis has sometimes been considered as merely an increase of accent. This seems to be very nearly, though not perfectly correct. As far as stress of voice is concerned, it may be exactly true. When a word has more than one accented syllable, emphasis falls principally upon that, which has the strongest accent. The most common reason of emphasis is antithesis, where one thing is contrasted with another, or set in opposition to it; as

"The *law* by *Moses* came;
But *peace* and *truth* and *love*
Were brought by *Christ*, a *nobler* name,
Descending from above."

Here *law* is contrasted with *peace* and *truth* and *love*; and *Moses*, with *Christ*; on which account, they are all emphatical. But *nobler* is still more emphatic, from its intrinsic importance, without antithesis.

Direction XIV.

Read with proper movements.

In good reading, there are three movements, upon each of which, the excellence of the performance exceedingly depends. At least, this is the case with every piece of any considerable length. In the first place, there is the general or standard movement; which is the degree of rapidity, with which the piece in general is to be read. This however, is very different in different compositions, according as they are more or less solemn, dignified, important, pathetic, &c. Cheerful pieces, and especially those of less weight, may be read more rapidly; and if it is ever proper to read trifling compositions, such as are the majority of conversations, they may be uttered with great dispatch.

Most persons, who can readily perceive and pronounce the words, read much too fast.

This seems to arise principally from the habit of speaking too fast, and from not well understanding or duly considering what they read. The same piece, however, should be read with different degrees of quickness or slowness to different hearers, and under different circumstances.

Besides the standard movement in every piece, propriety requires two others, the accelerated and the diminished. As different pieces should be read with different general movemcnt; so different parts of the same should be read differently in this respect. And different parts of the same piece should be more or less accelerated or retarded, according as they may vary more or less from the general tone of thought, the one way or the other.

In scarcely any thing do readers in general fail more than with regard to movement. In this consists a great part of that dull and tedious uniformity, with which almost all reading is infected. Most readers move on with a uniform pace, like a beast of burthen upon a dead level.

The fault of hurrying is most frequent among females, especially those who are young. With many, it is excessive, not to say, intolerable. Some seem to measure the excellence of reading, like that of a racer, wholly by the degree of speed. Let every female inquire, *Am I the one? How far am I guilty?* If convinced, that in this they are really in fault, let them reform by reading slower, than propriety requires. They may find it useful to read to children, with a special effort to make them understand. When this is the case, it seems, that they must be slow. Let them, however, guard against the opposite extreme of protracting the vowel sounds too much, and drawling their words. Slowness of reading should consist much more in the number and length of pauses, than in protracting the sounds.

Direction XV.

Make such pauses, as the sense requires.

It would be extremely painful, if not impossible, to read aloud a single minute without a pause. Pauses are absolutely necessary for taking breath, both in reading and speaking. But pauses for inhalation are but a small part of the pauses necessary in good reading. By this means, the exercise becomes much less fatiguing to the performer, and more intelligible and forcible to the hearer. Pauses are exceedingly useful, to show the degree of connection between words and members of a sentence; and between different contiguous sentences. Between contiguous words in the same sentence, there is always some connection; but the degree of connection may vary exceedingly, from the most intimate, to the most remote. Between contiguous words, the most intimately connected, there should scarcely be a pause, When the connection is less intimate, there may be a small pause; and other circumstances being equal, the pause may be greater and greater, as the connection is more remote. In cases of ellipse, where several words are manifestly understood, there should be a considerable pause. At the end of a sentence, a longer pause is generally required, than between any of its members; and at the end of a paragraph, than between any of its parts. Between long members of sentences, the pauses should generally be longer, than between those that are short; and long sentences should be separated by longer pauses than short ones. If these remarks are well founded, the common rule for pausing cannot be correct. It is generally said by teachers, that at a comma, we should pause long enough to utter one syllable; at a semicolon, two or three; at a colon, three or four; at other points, four, five, or six. And it is considered as being implied, that no other pauses are to be made. Surely, a worse rule for reading, was never given. This doubtless is among the great causes, that have rendered reading so imperfect. In almost every sentence, there should be pauses, where there are no points. At a comma in one place, a longer pause may be required, than at a period in another; and at one period, the pause may be ten times longer, than at another.

It is true, there should generally be a pause at a comma, a longer one at a semicolon, and longer still at the other points or stops, as they are improperly called. But the exceptions to this remark are innumerable. Different writers punctuate very differently. One places a comma, where another places no point. One makes a semicolon, where another makes a comma; and one a period, where another places a semicolon or colon. Nay, some would even place an interrogation, where others would place a period or semicolon. No two writers seem to punctuate alike. Indeed, scarcely any one is found to agree with himself. It is impossible, then, that the place and length of the pauses should be accurately marked by the points. It is unsafe to place much reliance upon them, as signs of the pauses. If the points can aid us in ascertaining the sense, it is the utmost they can do; and this they can do but imperfectly. If we attempt to make them do much more, they will but lead us astray. In con-

versation, we do not need them, merely because we have the sense, before we speak. For the same reason, in repeating from memory we think nothing of the points.

But if the points can afford us little or no assistance, how shall we ascertain the place and length of every pause? I answer, by the sense. If we could divest ourselves of the influence of bad habit, and could understand and feel what we read, proper pauses would fall in their proper places, without any special effort of ours, as they do in conversation. To counteract bad habit, it may be useful to make some special efforts, to regulate the length of our pauses, particularly such as should be very long. The periodic pause may vary from one syllable, to forty. At the close of a paragraph, it may be from six to sixteen; at the close of a chapter, from ten to forty.

Direction XVI.

Keep your lungs well supplied with air.

It is not uncommon to see persons in reading, especially in reading fast, suddenly catch their breath with a sigh. This is because their lungs are nearly or quite exhausted of air. This is always a fault. It is unpleasant to the hearer. It is painful and often injurious to the reader. If long continued, it may occasion consumption and death. It should be avoided entirely, and not merely avoided. We must keep at the greatest distance from any sensation of exhaustion. A habit of this may be easily formed. Draw in as much breath, as your lungs will comfortably contain. After reading a few words, fill them again; and thus keep them nearly filled continually. This will render your utterance easy, so far as voice is concerned; and if necessary, you can even vociferate, without much inconvenience.

Direction XVII.

Make due allowance for circumstances.

This topic has already been mentioned; but it deserves to be the subject of a distinct direction. Consider what you read—the thoughts, the words. Consider your audience, who they are, and what is the occasion, &c. &c. The same piece should be read very differently under different circumstances. After a while, however, you may feel the impression of the circumstances, with very little consideration. You have then only to speak out what you feel.

Direction XVIII.

Improve your voice to the utmost.

By attending particularly to articulation, emphasis, movement, &c. you can hardly fail to improve your vocal powers, though you do not think of the subject. But this is not enough. A good voice constitutes almost half the excellence of a good reader; and it is desirable to carry the improvement of this talent to the utmost point, that nature will allow. Attention to vocal music may be one of the best means that can be used for this purpose. It may conduce to render the voice soft, melodious and flexible, and at the same time, improve its energy and dignity. Attention to music, whether vocal or instrumental, may also be useful to improve the ear, to improve the taste in relation to sounds, and greatly assist in managing the voice, in whatever way it is employed. Much loud reading may likewise be useful to improve the voice. especially with regard to strength.

Direction XIX.

Study well beforehand what you would read.

This may be useful chiefly on three accounts; to gain the sense, to gain the impression, and to gain facility in uttering the words.

Direction XX.

Regularly associate for mutual improvement.

A pleasant name for such an association is *Reading Circle.* The number of members may be from two to six. A number greater than six will be less conducive to improvement, as each one will have so little opportunity to perform. The time may be equally divided between reading and remarking, each one performing in turn. Remarks should be made with the utmost freedom and kindness.

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THE POETIC READER.

SEMINARY SONGS.

NO. 1. C. M. COWPER.

Youth prayed for and entreated.

1. BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
2. Grace is a plant, where e'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest, shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
3. Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes;
But mercy reigns above.
4. True, you are young; but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes, which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.
5. For you, the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you, the secret tear is shed,
Oh, shed yourselves a tear.

NO. 2. 8 & 7.

Consolation of Israel.

1. COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born, to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins, release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
2. Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child—and yet a King;
Born, to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious Kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

NO. 3. C. M. WATTS.

Sovereignty of God.

1. KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod.
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.
2. Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—*to be.*
3. Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
4. His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.
5. Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
6. Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
7. My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
8. In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

NO. 4. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1. HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For Him, who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
3. Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
4. The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court, he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death, in chains,
6. Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born, to redeem, and strong, to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

NO. 5. 7's. GIBBONS.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

1. ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, the Savior quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
2. Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See, the conquerer mounts the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
4. Heav'n unfolds her portals wide.
Glorious Hero, thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thy own.
5. Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.
6. Let Immanuel be adored—
Ransom, Mediator, Lord;
To Creation's utmost bound,
Let th' immortal praise resound.

NO. 6. C. M. WATTS.

Redemption.

1. FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth, by thousand signs,
By thousands, through the skies.
2. But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—
3. Here, the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
4. Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
5. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

NO. 7. L. M. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
2. Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush, to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He
Bright morning Star! bids darkness flee.
4. Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
5. Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
Nor tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
6. Till then—(nor is my boasting vain)
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

NO. 8. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

1. OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
And light, to guide me on the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet, their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins, that made the mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol, I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me, to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene, my frame;
And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

NO. 9. 7's. COWPER.

Christ, the Refuge from the Storm.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven, guide;
O receive my soul at last!
2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee, is stay'd;
All my help, from thee, I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing,

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all, in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

NO. 10. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. ROBINSON.

The Pilgrim's Guide.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak; but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.
2. Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

NO. 11. L. P. M. ADDISON.

The divine Shepherd.

1. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe, I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains, pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes, flow.
3. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.
4. Though in paths of death, I tread,
With gloomy horrors, overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

NO. 12. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Spiritual Resurrection.

1. LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd millions round.
2. And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
3. Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
4. But if thy Spirit deign to breath,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
5. So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

NO. 13. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1. WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
2. Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder, Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment, Amalek prevail'd.
5. Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace, when you complain;
And fill a fellow creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.
6. Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To Heaven, in supplication, sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be.
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

NO. 14. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer versified.

1. FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven ador'd;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2. Forever hallow'd be thy name,
By all below the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory, rise.
3. Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfil;
Let all thy glory see;
And, as in heaven, thy will is done,
On earth, so let it be.
4. Our wants with every morning grow,
With food, these wants supply;
And on our souls, that BREAD bestow,
To eat—and never die.
5. Our sins before thee, we confess;
O may they be forgiven;
As we to others, mercy show,
We mercy beg of Heav'n.
6. Still let thy grace our life direct;
From every evil, guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path,
Permit us not to stray.
7. For thine's the power, the kingdom, thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

NO. 15. 8 & 7. NEWTON.
Zion's Prospect.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken!
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages, founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall, surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
2. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails, from age to age.

NO. 16. 8 & 7. FRANCIS.
Property devoted to Christ.

1. WITH my substance, I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
2. While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
3. May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Savior know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord, my all I owe.
4. Praise the Savior, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

NO. 17. 8, 7 & 4. NEWTON.
Day of Judgment.

1. DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
2. See the Judge, our nature wearing!
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day, for thine!
3. At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life, from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?
4. Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
"And his angels, have thy part!"
5. But to those, who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed—
"See the kingdom, I bestow;
"You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."
6. Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise.
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

NO. 18. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 15.
The Citizen of Zion.

1. WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man, that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;
2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
3. Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbor's hurt;
Sinners of state he can despise;
But saints are honor'd in his eyes.
4. Firm to his word, he ever stood,
And always made his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
5. He never deals in bribing gold;
And mourns, that justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6. He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.
7. Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man, thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

NO. 19. S. M. WATTS. Ps. 19.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1. BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all his starry works on high,
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
2. The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
3. In ev'ry diff'rent land,
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
4. Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.
5. While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

NO. 20. S. M. WATTS. Ps. 19.

God's Word most excellent.

1. BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
2. But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
3. How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure, thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
4. My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain;
But find the path to heav'n.

NO. 21. L. P. M. WATTS. Ps. 19.

God's Glory in the Heavens.

1. GREAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
Declares the glory of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
2. From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read.
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise;
And neither sound nor language need.
3. Where spreads the sun his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins, to shew thy praise.
Thus God in ev'ry creature, shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is the book of grace.

NO. 22. S. M. WATTS. Ps. 45.

Triumphs of Christ.

1. MY Savior and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.
2. Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword;
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.
3. Strike through thy stubborn foes;
Or melt their hearts, t'obey;
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.
4. Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

NO. 23. C. M. WATTS. Ps. 47.

Christ ascending and reigning.

1. O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

NO. 24. C. M. WATTS. Ps. 50.

The last Judgment.

1. THE Lord the Judge before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
2. No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3. Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.
4. Heav'n from above, his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.
5. "But gather all my saints (he cries)
"That made their peace with God,
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.
6. "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess,
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

NO. 25. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 50.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1. SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

NO. 26. S. M. WATTS. Ps. 61.

Safety in God.

1. WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n, I lift my eyes.
2. O lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.
3. Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge, where I hide.
4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

NO. 27. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 68.

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1. LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3. How bright the triumph, none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
4. Rais'd by his Father, to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

NO. 28. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 68.

Common and Spiritual Mercies.

1. WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
2. He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
3. 'Tis to his care, we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.
4. He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference, that remains,
Is endless joys, or endless pains.
5. The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
6. But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

NO. 29. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 72.

Christ's Kingdom.

1. JESUS shall reign, where e'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. Behold the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south, the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
3. There Persia, glorious to behold;
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow and own their Lord.
4. For him, shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng, to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
5. People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
6. Blessings abound, where e'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps, to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.
7. Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
8. Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to their king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen.*

NO. 30. C. M. WATTS. Ps. 96.

The latter day Glory.

1. SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
2. Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
3. Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
4. Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
5. Behold he comes, he comes, to bless
The nations, as their God,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

NO. 31. C. M. WATTS. Ps. 102.

Restoration of Zion.

1. LET Zion and her Sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t'exalt his pow'r.
2. Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
4. He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
5. He frees the souls, condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
6. This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

NO. 32. P. M. 6,6,8,6,6,8. WATTS. Ps. 133

Blessings of Friendship.

1. HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station, move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.
2. 'Tis like the ointment, shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room,
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.
3. Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.

NO. 33. S. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4. WATTS. [Ps. 136.

Creation and Redemption.

1. GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
2. How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
3. His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
4. He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin;
And pity'd the sad state,
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
5 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
6. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly king;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

NO. 34. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 139.

The All-seeing God.

1. LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known.
He knows the words, I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips, they break.
3. Within thy circling pow'r, I stand;
On ev'ry side, I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
4. Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! What lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

6. Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun?
Or from thy dreadful glory, run?
7. If up to heav'n, I take my flight,
'Tis there, thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns;
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
8. If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
9. Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
10. O may those thoughts possess my breast,
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare,
Consent to sin; for God is there.

11. The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Thro' midnight shades, as blazing noon.
12. Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee.
Not death can hide what God will spy;
And hell lies naked to his eye.
13. O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare,
Consent to sin, for God is there.

NO. 35. L. P. M. WATTS. Ps. 146.

Everlasting Praise to God.

1. I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
2. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp & pow'r;
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.
3. Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God. He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th'opprest; he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.
4. The Lord hath eyes, to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless;
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
5. He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell.
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns.
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
6. I'll praise him, while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

NO. 36. C. M. WATTS. Ps. 148.

The Seasons.

1. WITH songs and honors, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns, he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
2. He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies, grow.
3. He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.
4. His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
5. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
6. When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch, that dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.
7. He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
8. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word.
With songs and honors, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

NO. 37. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4. S. P. M.

WATTS. Ps. 148.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1. YE tribes of Adam, join,
With heav'n and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine,
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.
2. Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.
3. The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing, came,
To praise the Lord.
4. He mov'd their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In different ways,
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.
5. Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish, that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore,
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.
6. Ye vapors, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When light'nings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.
7. Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear,
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.
8. Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honors sing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.
9. Virgins and youths, engage,
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.
10. Let all the nations fear
The God, that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

NO. 38. L. M. WATTS. Ps. 148.

Universal praise to God.

1. LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
2. The Lord! how absolute he reigns;
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak, how fierce his terrors be.
3. High on a throne, his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams, compar'd to his.
4. Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
5. Let clouds and winds and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
In this eternal song, conspire.
6. Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
7. Ye stubborn oaks and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion, roar.
8. Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
9. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you, sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
10. Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty, as his throne.
11. JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
12. Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord.
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

NO. 39. S. M. WATTS. Ps. 148.

Universal Praise.

1. LET ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
2. Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
3. He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command, they stand or move.
And ever speak his name.
4. Ye vapors, when you rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies.
His pow'r and glory show.
5. Wind, hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire,
To execute his word.
6. By all his works above,
His honors be exprest;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.
7. Let earth and ocean know,
They owe their Maker, praise;
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
8. From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
9. Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
10. Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high, his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
11. Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him, that drest you so.
12. By all the earth-born race,
His honors be exprest;
But saints, who know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.
13. Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honors spring.
14. Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.
15. United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord, his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
16. Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints, who dwell so near his heart.
Should sing his praises best.

NO. 40. C. M. WATTS. Is. 55.

Spiritual Food and Clothing.

1. LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind ;
3. Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here, you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs, that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance, flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
6. Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep, as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless, as our sins !
7. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come, to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

NO. 41. S. M. WATTS.

The Heralds of Salvation.

1. HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
2. How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Savior King ;
" He reigns and triumphs here.
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for ;
And sought, but never found !
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long ;
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

NO. 42. L. M. WATTS. Is. 40: 28—31.

The Christian Race.

1. AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road ;
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint ;
3. The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such, as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
5. Swift, as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love, our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

NO. 43. L. M. WATTS. Rev. 18: 20, 21.

Fall of Babylon.

1. IN Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone
Lies a fair type of Babylon ;
Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints ;
God shall avenge your long complaints.
2. He said, and dreadful, as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood ;
Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus, and no more be found at all.

NO. 44. C. M. WATTS. Rev. 5 : 11—13.

Christ worshipped by all Nations.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;
But all their joys are one.
2. " Worthy the Lamb, that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus ;
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For he was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

NO. 45. L. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

1. GOD of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant, doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies.
2. From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,

And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth, he flies and shines.
3. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

NO. 46. L. M. WATTS. Job 4: 17—21.

God far above Creatures.

1. SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?
2. Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
3. But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish, like the moth.
4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust, whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
5. Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious, thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

NO. 47. L. M. WATTS. Is. 57: 15.

1. THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.
2. But I descend to worlds below;
On earth, I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
3. The humble soul my words revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

NO. 48. C. M. WATTS.

1. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour, that God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. The living know, that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy, bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
5. Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
6. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

NO. 49. L. M. WATTS. Ec. 11: 9.

Youth and Judgment.

1. YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights, your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire;
2. Pursue the pleasures, you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
There is a day of judgment too.
3. God from on high, beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness, you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.
4. The vengeance, to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror through.
How will ye stand before his face?
Or answer for his injur'd grace?
5. Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

NO. 50. L. M. WATTS. Ec. 12: 1, 7.

Importance of early Piety.

1. NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*
2. Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
3. The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
4. Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know, how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

NO. 51. S. M. WATTS. Prov. 8: 1, 22—32.

The Calls of Wisdom.

1. SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?

The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?
2. "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation was begun.
3. Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.
4. When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order, when the sun should rise,
And marshal ev'ry star.
5. When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.
6. Upon the empty air,
The earth was balanc'd well;
With joy, I saw the mansion, where
The sons of men should dwell.
7. My busy thoughts at first,
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.
8. Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man, who keeps my ways;
The man, who shuns them, dies."

NO. 52. L. M. WATTS. Luke 15: 7, 10.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting sinner.

1. WHO can describe the joys, that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To a see a prodigal return?
To see an heir of glory born?
2. With joy, the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy, looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul, he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join, to sing
The growing empire of their King.

NO. 53. L. M. WATTS.

Moses and Christ.

1. THE law by Moses, came;
But peace and truth and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
2. Amidst the house of God,
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ, a faithful Son.
3. Then to his new commands,
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house, he stands
The sov'reign and the head.
4. The man, who durst despise
The law, that Moses brought!
Behold! how terribly he dies,
For his presumpt'ous fault.
5. But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear, when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace,

NO. 54. L. M. WATTS. Mat. 11: 28—30.

Invitation to Sinners.

1. "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come,
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.
2. They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages, like a sea;
And pride is restless, as the wind.
3. Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight.
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."
4. Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

NO. 55. L. M. WATTS. Gen. 22: 6, &c.

Abraham offering Isaac.

1. SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
2. So Abra'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son, at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took;
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
3. *Abra'm, forbear*, the angel cry'd,
Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd,
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
Shall the whole world be bless'd indeed.
4. Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r.
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

NO. 56. L. M. WATTS. Tit. 2: 10, 13.

Importance of good Works.

1. SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;

Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

NO. 57. L. M. WATTS. 1 Cor. 13.

Religion vain without Love.

1. HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech, than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
2. Were I inspired to preach and tell
All, that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
3. Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;
4. If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

NO. 58. C. M. WATTS.

A living and a dead Faith.

1. MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living head.
3. 'Tis faith, that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith, that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
4. 'Tis faith, that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace, that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.

NO. 59. L. M. WATTS.

Characters of Christ.

1. GO, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face, what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
2. The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors, not her own.
3. Is he compar'd to wine, or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
4. Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves.
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.
5. Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields.
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.
6. Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine!
7. Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r, he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.
8. Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death.
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
9. Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner, shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.
10. Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves.
Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.
11. Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood.
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
12. Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.
13. Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
14. Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
Whén e'er I pray, I turn my face.
15. Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light!
I know his glories from afar;
I know the bright, the morning star.
16. Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness.
Nations rejoice, when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
17. O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.
18. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

NO. 60. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4. WATTS.

Titles of Christ.

1. WITH cheerful voice, I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word.
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2. In Jesus, we behold,
His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright,
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3. The sov'reign *King of kings*,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd
The Word of God,
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4. When promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar,
And tear the prey.

5. But when for works of peace,
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world,
And life of men;
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6. Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part,
He is a friend,
And brother too,
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7. At length, the Lord, the *Judge*,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favorites and friends.
Then shall the saints
Completely prove,
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

NO. 61. C. M. WATTS.

Death and burial of a saint.

1. WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake, at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice, that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast, as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble, to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed.
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5. Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way.
Up to the Lord, our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

NO. 62. C. M. WATTS.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

1. MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2. The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive.
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3. We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move,
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4. We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood!

5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit, and warm our hearts.

6. Then shall our active spirits move;
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

NO. 63. C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after the Spirit.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues;
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us, so great?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love;
And that shall kindle ours.

NO. 64. L. M. WATTS.

Superior Excellence of Christ.

1. NOW to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name;
And all his boundless love proclaim.
2. See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works out-done.
3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
4. But in his looks, a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Out-shines the wonders of the skies.
5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme.
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!
6. Oh, may I live, to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

NO. 65. C. M. WATTS.

Misery of the Irreligious.

1. NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great;
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.
2. They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod.
Well, they may search the creature through;
For they have ne'er a God;
3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.
4. Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.
5. Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell, how bright they shine.
Your heaps of glit'ring dust are yours;
And my Redeemer's mine.

NO. 66. C. M. WATTS.

The Scriptures.

1. LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
2. The volume of my father's grace
Does all my grief assuage.
Here I behold my Savior's face,
Almost in ev'ry page.
3. This is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown.
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
4. Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.
5. This is the Judge, that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
6. Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

NO. 67. L. M. WATTS.

Power of the Gospel.

1. THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations, from above.
Jehovah here resolves to shew,
What his almighty grace can do.
2. This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.
3. The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
4. Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
5. Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

6. May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word, that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

NO. 68. L. M. WATTS.

The Vanity of Creatures.

1. MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within, with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
2. In vain on earth, we hope to find
Some solid good, to fill the mind.
We try new pleasures; but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
3. So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief, we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
4. Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind;
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

NO. 69. L. M. WATTS.

Danger of Destruction.

1. BROAD is the road, that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there, a traveller.
2. *Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
3. The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

NO. 70. L. M. WATTS.

Crucifixion to the World.

1. WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things, that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present, far too small.
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

NO. 71. S. P. M. WATTS.

1. I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins,
That man had done.
2. To God the Son, belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
3. To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give;
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.
4. Almighty God! to thee,
Be endless honor done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails,
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

NO. 72. C. M. WATTS. Is. 63: 1—6.

The glorious Conqueror.

1. WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?
2. The glory of his robes proclaims,
'Tis some victorious king;
"Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
"That your salvation bring."
3. "Why, mighty Lord," thy saints inquire,
"Why thine apparel red?
"And all thy vesture stain'd, like those;
"Who in the wine-press tread?"
4. "I by myself have trod the press,
"And crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
"My fury stamp'd them down.
5. "'Tis Edom's blood, that dyes my robes
"With joyful scarlet stains;
"The triumph, that my raiment wears,
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6. " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,
" That dare insult my saints;
" I have an arm, t' avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."

NO. 73. C. M. MEDLEY. Luke 2: 14.

The Birth of Christ.

1. MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
2. In heav'n, the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.
3. Swift through the vast expanse, it flew;
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new;
'Twas more, than heav'n could hold.
4. Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
5. Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world;
When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light,
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.
6. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.
7. Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

NO. 74 S. M. RYLAND. Heb. 3: 16.

Saints distinguished above Angels.

1. YE saints, proclaim abroad,
The honors of your king;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.
2. Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd, as we,
To our Immanuel's love.
3. They never sunk so low;
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.
4. Less favor'd were the pow'rs,
Who in his image stood;
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours;
Nor cost the Lamb his blood.
5. The Savior did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them, he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.
6. May we with angels vie,
The Savior to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs;
O be our praises more!

NO. 75. L. M. S——

The Unknown World.

1. O BY what glimm'ring light, we view
That unknown world, we're hast'ning to!
God hath lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.
2. We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell;
But what they mean, no tongue can tell!
Heav'n is the realm, where angels are,
And hell, the chaos of despair.
3. But what these awful words imply,
None of us know, before we die!
Whether we will, or not we *must*
Take the succeeding world on trust.
4. Swift flies the soul—perhaps 'tis gone
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or twice ten thousand more, thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.
5. But ah! no notices they give,
Nor tell us, where, or how, they live;
Though conscious, while with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know;
6. As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man may live by faith alone.
7. Well!—let our Sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees.
Why should we wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?
It is enough, that we believe
Heav'n's brighter far, than we conceive;
And O may God our souls prepare,
To meet and bless and praise him there.

NO. 76. 7's. NEWTON.

The Two Malefactors.

1. SOV'REIGN grace has pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment, grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
2. When the Lord was crucifi'd,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus, as he hung.
3. Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Savior in his view.
4. But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith receiv'd, to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.

5. "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
"When in glory, thou shalt be."
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
6. This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.
7. But beware of unbelief;
Think upon the harden'd thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you, has died in vain.

NO. 77. L. P. M. WATTS. Ps. 96.

The God of the Gentiles.

1. LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know;
His wonders to the nations show;
And all his saving works proclaim.
2. He fram'd the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!
3. Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts, his grace proclaim.

NO. 78. C. M. STEELE. LUKE 14:22.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back; and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—
3. Room in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There, love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
4. In him, the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
5. O come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
6. There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.
7. And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

NO. 79. C. M. WATTS.

A prospect of Heaven.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night;
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green.
So to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts, that rise,
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!
6. Could we but climb, where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

NO. 80. L. M. FAWCET.

Death of a Sinner and Saint.

1. WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
2. His sins in dreadful order, rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears;
And not one ray of hope appears.
3. Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where e'er he turns, he finds no rest,
Death strikes the blow; he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror, dies.
4. Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
5. His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks, are seen;
His Savior's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
6. Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace, at last.

NO. 81. C. M. WATTS.

The everlasting Song.

1. EARTH has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
2. There, the blest Man, my Savior, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.
4. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, thy love they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
5. Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son.
6. And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down,
To dwell in humble clay.
7. O sacred beauties of the man!
The God resides within;
His flesh, all pure without a stain;
His soul, without a sin.
8. But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The God, that lov'd and died.
9. Then all at once, to living strains,
They summon ev'ry chord;
Tell, how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.
10. Now let me mount, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
11. I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heav'nly notes, to bear
My passion to the skies!
12. There, ye that love my Savior sit;
There, I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

NO. 82. 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5. NEWTON.

Confidence in Christ.

1. BEGONE, unbelief,
My Savior is near,
And for my relief,
Will surely appear.
By prayer, let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
2. Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken,
Will surely prevail.
3. His love in time past,
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last,
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer,
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure,
To help me quite through.
4. Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?
5. Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
6. How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live.
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine.
Did Jesus thus suffer?
And shall I repine?
7. Since all that I meet,
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

NO. 83. C. M.

Coronation.

1. ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant, weak and small,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Rejoice with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
6. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet, may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

NO. 84. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 12. L——

Missionaries' Farewell.

1. LAND, where the bones of our fathers are sleeping! [are weeping!
Land, where our fond ones and dear ones
Land, where the light of Jehovah is shining!
We leave thee, lamenting, but not with repining.
2. Land of our fathers, in grief, we forsake thee;
Land of our friends, may Jehovah protect thee; [around thee,
Land of the church, may the light shine
Nor darkness nor trouble nor sorrow confound thee.
3. God is thy God; thou shalt walk in his brightness; [whiteness;
Gird thee with joy; let thy robes be of
God is thy God; let thy hills shout for gladness! [in sadness.
But ah! we must leave thee; we leave thee
4. Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean;
Dark are our hearts; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within; and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips, the glad song of salvation.
5. Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows!
Land of our rest! when a few more tomorrows [pillows,
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.
6. Jesus, we pray for thy Spirit, to lead us;
Jesus, we pray for thy power, to succeed us; [release us,
Then, when thy grace from our toils, shall
The prayers and the songs of redeem'd ones shall bless us.

NO. 85. L. M. ADDISON. Ps. 19.

The Heavenly Bodies.

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
3. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
4. While all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
5. What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radient orbs, be found;
6. In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand, that made us, is divine.

NO. 86. L. M. WATTS.

Mortality.

1. DEATH, like an overflowing stream;
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
2. Our age to seventy years, is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty, we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
3. But O! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.
4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
'Till a wise care of picty
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

NO. 87. POPE.

The Dying Christian.

1. VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
2. Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
3. The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic, ring!
Lend, lend, your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

NO. 88. 7's. MONTGOMERY.

The departing Christian.

1. "SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay;
"Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
"Spirit, cast thy chains away!
"Dust, be thou dissolv'd in death!"
2. Thus thy guardian angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.
3. "Prisoner, long detain'd below;
"Prisoner, now with freedom, blest;
"Welcome, from a world of woe;
"Welcome to a land of rest!"
4. Thus thy guardian angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with hallelujah's rang
All the region of the sky.
5. —Ye that mourn a father's loss,
Ye that weep a friend—no more!
Call to mind the Christian cross,
Which your friend, your father bore.
6. Till his Master, from above,
When the promis'd hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love,
To convey the wand'rer home.
7. Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds, that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle drop'd behind?
8. Ye, that caught it, as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you, his meekness dwell,
So on you, his spirit rest!
Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall mem'ry love to weep
O'er the venerable spot,
Where his dear, cold relics sleep.
9. Grave! the guardian of his dust
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
1. Hark!—the judgment-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay;
"IMMORTALITY thy walls,
"And ETERNITY thy day!"

THE POETIC READER.

NO. 89. GOLDSMITH.

Selections from the Traveller.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger, shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies;
Where e'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother, turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling, guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want & pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair.
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world, my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor, crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me, your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir! the world the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill;
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast, alternate passions rise,

Pleas'd with each good, that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot, to real happiness, consign'd; [rest,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where e'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings, which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion, dealt to all mankind;
As diff'rent good, by art or nature, giv'n,
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature a mother, kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food, as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff, as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art, more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, content-
ment fails; [vails.
And honor sinks, where commerce long pre-
Hence, ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness, attends,
And spurns the plan, that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them thro' the prospect, as it lies.
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

ITALY.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends,
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur, mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
What ever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
What ever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
What ever sweets salute the northern sky,
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss, that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth, that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all his manners reign;
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance, planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date, [state;
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the
At her command, the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores, display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

SWITZERLAND.

My soul, turn from them; turn we, to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array;
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast;
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast, though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols, as he goes;
With patient angle, trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den, where snow tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night, returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale, repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good, his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss, his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

FRANCE.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And fresh'ned from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days,
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grand sire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

HOLLAND.

To men of other minds, my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep, where Holland lies.
Me thinks, her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar;
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom, reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good, from opulence, that springs,
With all those ills, superfluous treasure imparts
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts.
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here;
At gold's superior charms, all freedom flies;
The needy sell it; and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants! and a den of slaves!
Here, wretches seek dishonorable graves;
And calmly bent, to servitude conform;
Dull, as their lakes, that slumber in the storm.
Ah! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, & freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

BRITAIN.

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies, where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend, that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams, than fam'd Hydaspes, glide:
There, all around, the gentlest breezes stray;
There, gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom, reason holds her state,
With daring aims, irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band;
By forms unfashion'd; fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul;
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these RIGHTS to scan,
And learns to venerate himself, as MAN.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings, pictur'd here;
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear.
Too blest indeed were such, without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy.
That independence, Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone;
All claims, that bind & sweeten life, unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature, feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar;
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence, all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

NO. 89. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd [wild,
And still, where many a garden flow'r grows
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country, dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year!
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines, fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize;
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, & had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done;
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won. [to glow,
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt, at ev'ry call, [all.
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise;
And his last, falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips, prevail'd with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him; and their cares distress'd;
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n; [ven.
But all his serious thoughts had rest in hea-
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, [are spread,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds
Eternal sun-shine settles on its head.

NO. 90. THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence, that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes; for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings, when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning, was in fault.
The village all declar'd, how much he knew;
'Twas certain, he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, times and tides presage, [17
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill;
For e'en tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.

And still they gaz'd; and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

NO. 91. DEATH. PORTEUS.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths,
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys,
I leave to those, that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause—
Wrapt in Night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty, enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom, drawn
From her infernal store. Around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost, Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend. Next him, diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tot'ring Gout,
And ever gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex,
Full gorg'd. There too, the Pestilence, that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness, that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when,
By Heav'n's command, Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth, to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
Ill fated man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make [scious dust
This creature Man? Why wake th' incon-
To life and wretchedness? O better far,
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being! Was it for this,
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast,
The vital flame? For this, was thy fair image
Stampt on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this, dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good, [foul ills
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the tho't,
The impious thought! God never made a creature,
But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
The wretched mortal was the work of man.
Forth from his Maker's hands, he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom. No pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, which stood [ence,
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedi-
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment, was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour, the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre; then began
Heaven's cheerful face to low'r; then vapors chok'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds,
To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars! and insect, bird and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crow'd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste,
Th' infection of his misery. He alone,
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress,
His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
That best, that greatest comfort in affliction,
The countenance of God; and thro' the gloom,
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm [heav'n,
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from
Up-rais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar,
A happier scene of things. The promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,
Death of his sting, disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit, but the gate, of life.
Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the ground,
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil,

As to a punishment; yet, even in wrath,
So merciful is Heav'n, this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a livelong hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death. Death, though denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes.
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way. Labor prepar'd
His simple fare; and temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve,
He sunk to sudden rest. Gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers. With the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run [strength,
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, & stood the shock,
Of ages, rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood;
And, looking round, saw all the valley, fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline,
He bent his gradual way, till full of years,
He dropp'd, like mellow fruit, into his grave.
Such in the infancy of time, was man;
So calm was life; so impotent was death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd
In ruin, great; though fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Tho' mortal, yet not every where beset
With death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
Bro't death into the world; and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multipli'd destruction on mankind.
First, Envy, eldest born of Hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood; and taught the sons of men
To make a death, which nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude, to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy, ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life;
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell,
To sate the lust of pow'r. More horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain,
Millions, a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill; and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget, that they are men?
And men, that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious, to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave;
Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire, growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpiti'd victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth, extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health and strength and youth
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts, save those of war? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile, which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there, basks
That serpent, Luxury. War its thousands slays, [plain,
Peace, its ten thousands. In th' embattled
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not e'en there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth;
Where in th' intoxicating draught, conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
He snares the simple youth, who, nought suspecting,
Means to be blest; but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life, the stripling darts, [sky;
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where Virtue takes her stand. But if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe, 'midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To Freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemp'rance and disease.
Yet die e'en thus; thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of pleasure, by th' Almighty struck,
Than ever dare though oft, alas! ye dare,
To lift against yourselves, the murd'rous steel,

To wrest from God's own hand, the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers! Hold, rash man
Tho' with anticipating speed, thou'st rang'd
Thro' every region of delight, nor left
One joy, to gild the evening of thy days;
Tho' life seem one uncomfortable void;
Guilt at thy heels; before thy face, despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile; look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror? [steel?
From thy slack hand, why drops th' uplifted
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await [him,
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shall meet
Death, when he comes; not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern,
With innocence to live; with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' nature run her course. But nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. Oh, when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes, array'd
In all the terrors of almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants, pours destruction down,
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form,
Death then appears; but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride,
Th' astonish'd earth, and from his looks, throws round
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Open fly the doors of heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And down creation; or in floods of fire,
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace, [brace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude em-
Sweep, nations to their grave, or in the deep,
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence, stalks forth pestilence;
Contagion, close behind, taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen;
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all is false and treacherous around.
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death. [why fail
But ah! what means that ruinous roar?
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its center, feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch,
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes and towns and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
One common grave; not e'en a widow left,
To wail her sons. The house, that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn,
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heav'n,
O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural, to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succor? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors, such as these! At thy good time,
Let death approach; I reck not. Let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear! O rather lend
Thy kindly aid, to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour, when all aghast I stand
A trembling candidate for thy compassion,
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms, then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array, [torture,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd

Sense of past guilt, & dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead,
Let cheerful memory, from her purest cells,
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury, the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds, the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly Thou,
Whom soft eyed Pity once led down from heav'n,
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain. Forgive the tear,
That feeble Nature drops; calm all her fears;
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my wrapt soul, anticipating heav'n,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy, upborne,
Springs into liberty and light and life.

(COWPER.)

NO. 92. EXERCISE.

BY ceaseless action, all, that is, subsists.
Constant rotation of th'unweari'd wheel,
That nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause; and lives, but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters, agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use;
Else noxious. Oceans, rivers, lakes & streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation. Ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm.
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th'impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder; but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns—
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause;
From strenuous toil, his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length,
When custom bids; but no refreshment find;
For none they need. The languid eye, the cheek,
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.
Not such th' alert and active. Measure lite
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, tho' in an arduous task;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought, are theirs;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them,
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front,
The vet'ran shows; and, gracing a grey beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave,
Sprightly and old, almost without decay.

NO. 93. RURAL CHARMS.

THE love of nature, and the scene she draws,
Is nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odors of the open field,
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God,
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But nature's works, far lovlier. I admire—
None more admires—the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls.
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet nature, ev'ry sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky, she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd;
Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapors, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last, to liberty and light;
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue;
His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs--is wing'd with joy,
And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
With acrid salts, his very heart athirst
To gaze at nature in her green array;
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire;
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die, to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt, where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,

And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears—
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair,
Sweet smiles, and bloom, less transient than her own.

NO. 94. RETREAT FROM WICKEDNESS.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin,
Not color'd like his own! and, having pow'r
T'enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him, as his lawful prey.
Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me, while I sleep,
And tremble, when I wake, for all the wealth,
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation, priz'd above all price,
I would much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferri'd o'er the wave,
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment, they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation, proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

NO. 95. PROVIDENCE.

HAPPY the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill, that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least,
The greatest oft originate;) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life; involves the heav'n
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine; and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivel'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws, their sure effects;
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart, and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend th'effect? or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means, since first he made the world?
And did he not of old, employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.
What prodigies can power divine perform,
More grand, than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! but speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment, when to sink, and when to rise,

Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that mov'd,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through th' imperceptible, meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing, as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foilage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives & works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them; and the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its ease,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
Some say, that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements received a law,
From which, they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance, they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who first
Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
The incumbrance of his own concerns, & spare
The great Artificer of all that moves,
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law,
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but the name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,
By which the mighty process is maintain'd;
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight,
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labor; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Virtumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending, as they would,
To each, some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower,
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their blamy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains, as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms, with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy, who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him, no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.

NO. 96. ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France,
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs,
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriotic eloquence, to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task.
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart,
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
Time was, when it was praise and boast enough

In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewel those honors, and farewel with them,
The hope of such hereafter! They have fall'n,
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe, upon the lap
Of smiling victory, that moment won;
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!

NO. 97. THE PULPIT.

THE pulpit, therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware,
With what intent, I touch that holy thing)—
The pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)
I say, the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There, stands the messenger of truth; there, stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him, the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains, as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms,
Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are all such teachers?—would to Heav'n, all were!
I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such, I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners, vain,
In conversation, frivolous, in dress,
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal, as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships; a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride;
From such apostles, O, ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine, uncorrupt; in language, plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly, that the flock he feeds,
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! Is it like?—Like whom?
The things, that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and, reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper, close the scene!
In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all, in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul, I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks? will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the di'mond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His holy office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore, avaunt all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practis'd at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labor, and though much admir'd
By curious eyes, and judgments ill inform'd,
To me is odious, as the nasal twang,
Heard at conventicle. ———
He, that negociates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful,

To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
The skittish fancy, with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent, you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No; he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had tak'n charge. He would not stoop,
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

NO. 96. POPULAR APPLAUSE.

OH, popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution, in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust, who, then, alas!
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r?
Praise from the rivel'd lips of toothless, bald
Decrepitude; and in the looks of lean
And craving poverty; and in the bow
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Pour'd forth by beauty, splendid and polite,
In language soft, as adoration breathes?
Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.
Charms he may have; but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much; nor spoil what ye admire!

NO. 97. HEATHEN PHILOSOPHY.

ALL truth is from the sempiternal source
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece and Rome,
Drew from the stream below. More favor'd, we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
To them, it flow'd much mingled and defil'd
With hurtful error, prejudice and dreams
Illusive of philosophy, so called,
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain, to filter off a chrystal draught,
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd
The thirst, than slak'd it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.
In vain, they push'd inquiry to the birth
And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is man?
Why form'd at all? and wherefore, as he is?
Where must he find his Maker? With what rites,
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal, or woe?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague,
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God, not yet reveal'd.
'Tis revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries, except her own;
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
Now tell me, dignifi'd and sapient Sir,
My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades
Of Academus—is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom, short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store?
How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd!

NO. 98. PROFUSION.

NOW basket up the family of plagues,
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honor, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen,
As the necessities, their authors feel;
Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base
In character, has litter'd all the land,
And bred, within the mem'ry of no few,
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
A people, such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice;—it eats up all,
That gives society its beauty, strength,
Convenience and security and use;
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
And gibbeted as fast as catchpoll claws
Can seize the slipp'ry prey; unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin; hardens, blinds
And warps the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the fools
That trust them; and, in the end, disclose a face
That would have shock'd credulity herself,
Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?
This does profusion, and th' accursed cause
Of such deep mischief, has itself a cause.

NO. 99. DISCIPLINE.

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage, call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips; and in his speech, was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at its own praise; and press the youth [grew
Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning
Beneath his care, a thriving, vig'rous plant;
The mind was well inform'd; the passions, held
Subordinate; and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many, overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror; and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length, into the vale of years;
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse, rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick & died.
Then study languish'd; emulation slept;
And virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue, perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.

NO. 100. THE STRICKEN DEER.

I WAS a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd,
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by ONE, who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side, he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force, soliciting the darts, [live.
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods, I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here, much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now,
Than once, and others, of a life to come.
I see, that all are wand'rers, gone astray,
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chace of fancied happiness, still woo'd,
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears,
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,
As if created, only like the fly, [noon,
That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of
To sport their season, and be seen no more.

NO. 101. THE WORD OF GOD.

GOD never meant, that man should scale the heav'ns
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wond'rous, he commands us in his word,
To seek HIM rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind, indeed, enlighten'd from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause,
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy,
His manner, and with rapture, tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often, too,
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more;
From instrumental causes, proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives HIM his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches; piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips, wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious.

NO. 102. THE TAME HARE.

DETESTED sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain;

That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endu'd
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears, and heart-distending sighs!
Vain tears, alas, and sighs, that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—*one* at least is safe. One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar. She has lost
Much of her vigilant, instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof, like mine.
Yes—thou may'st eat thy bread, & lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd; 20
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say, 25
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

NO. 103. LONDON.

OH thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom, I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckl'd fair,
That pleasest, and yet shock'st me, I can laugh.
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once;
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee.
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom, in her day, had pow'r to be;
For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain.

NO. 104. THE COUNTRY.

BUT, slighted as it is, and by the great,
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes,
It knew not once, the *country* wins me still.
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there, I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural, too,
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.
'Tis born with all; the love of nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has through out,
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art,
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points; yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them; minds, that have been form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish—none unmov'd.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it; neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it, or abate.
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode
Of multitudes, unknown! hail, rural life!

NO. 105. THE ICE PALACE.

LESS worthy of applause, tho' more admir'd,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ!
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores,
T' enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace, poetry might place
The armory of winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the trav'ller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream, the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd; nor other cement ask'd,
Than water, interfus'd, to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,
Illumin'd ev'ry side; a wat'ry light seem'd
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that
Another moon new risen, or meteor fall'n
From heav'n to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost bound,
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long, wavy wreaths
Of flow'rs, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none,
Where all was vitreous; but in order due,
Convivial table and commodious seat there;
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were
Sofa and couch and high built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,

And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious; to the foot, [cold.
Treach'rous and false; it smil'd, and it was

NO. 106. ENGLISH FREEDOM.

'TIS liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life, its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eye-sight of discovery; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and tho' squeez'd
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free;
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine.
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible, than social life requires;
And thou hast need of discipline and art,
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee; for the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birth-right, not at all.
Then, what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse,
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then, with double pain,
Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes, which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

NO. 107. LIBERTY OF HEART.

BUT there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators, unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of earth and hell confed'rate, take away;
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind;
Which, whoso tastes, can be enslav'd no more.
'Tis liberty of heart, deriv'd from heav'n;
Bought with his blood, who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token! It is held
By charter, and that charter, sanction'd sure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God! His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the word,
That, finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
And made so sparkling, what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose, th' artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,
And, still designing a more glorious far,
Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise.
These, therefore, are occasional, and pass;
Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office serv'd, they must be swept away.
Not so the labors of his love; they shine
In other heav'ns, than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is a paradise, that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits, he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is liberty;—a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.

NO. 108. MISERIES OF SIN.

CHAINS are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols; he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his pow'rs
To a vile clod, so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre, he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But, ere he gain the comfortless repose

He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul,
In heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all,
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless mis'ry; future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that, which sends him to a dusty grave;
But unrepealable, enduring death!
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears.
What none can prove a forg'ry, may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded, must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud,
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter, his compunctions are sincere;
And he abhors the jest, by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke, [ensues,
And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace
But spurious and short-liv'd. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still
Its own dishonor, by a worse relapse.
Till nature, unavailing nature, foil'd
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause,
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.

NO. 109. THE GLORY OF MARTYRDOM.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause,
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust;
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land,
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it, with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies!
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to heav'n. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names,
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise.

NO. 110. FREEDOM AND RICHES OF FAITH.

HE is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease, as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers—his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest, his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart, with praise, and whose exalted mind,
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, & built, & still upholds, a world,
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil; and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature, as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of your's, than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth,
Of no mean city; plann'd, or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not, what a range

His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

NO. 111. TASTE AND JUDGMENT IMPROVED BY GRACE.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive, that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wro't.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb,
It yields them; or recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene, outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away,
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise;
But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought, the world,
Fair as it is, existed, ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his,
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise, that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd sovereign, finds at once,
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul, that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds;
Much conversant with heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference; inquires, what strains were they,
With which heav'n rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea, that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault, unsulli'd with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly, scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favor'd as our's; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter heav'n than your's?
As one, who long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,
From the green wave, emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy, towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes, behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show, like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide the unbodi'd spirit home,
From toilsome life, to never-ending rest.
Love kindles, as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not, till by thee employ'd,
Worlds, that had never been, hadst thou in strength,
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears,
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain, thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Their's is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches, it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon, gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell;
Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
We dote, refusing, while we can,
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves,
Gods, such as guilt makes welcome; gods, that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure;
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heav'n,
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,

And adds his rapture to the general praise.
In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile,
The author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r deni'd.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee, is all, that sooths the life of man,
His high endeavor, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

NO. 112. PARADISE.

MAN scarce had risen, obedient to His call,
Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crown'd, as never king was since.
God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel-choirs attended. Wond'ring stood
The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts,
To see their sovereign, and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his pow'r,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
And own, the law of universal love.
He rul'd with meekness; they obey'd with joy;
No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in their's.
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
Where kindness on his part, who rul'd the whole,
Begat a tranquil confidence in all;
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.

NO. 113. PARADISE LOST.

BUT sin marr'd all; and the revolt of man,
That source of evils, not exhausted yet,
Was punish'd with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change,
Thy groves and lawns then witness'd! Ev'ry heart,
Each animal of ev'ry name, conceiv'd
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,
And, conscious of some danger, either fled
Precipitate, the loath'd abode of man,
Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driven from Paradise; and in that hour,
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain,
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in his account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dy'd
With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war,
Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death, by pangs,
Needless, and first torments, ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
They fear'd, and as his perfect image, lov'd.
The wilderness is their's, with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar, as likes them, uncontroll'd;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain;
The lion tells him—I am monarch here—
And if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live
Dependent upon man; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often, at how dear a rate,
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot,
The spaniel dying for some venial fault,
Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse;
With unsuspecting readiness, he takes
His murd'rer on his back, and push'd all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows, who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts,
(As if barbarity were high desert)
The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honors of his matchless horse, his own.

But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is register'd in heav'n; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.

NO. 114. THE HAPPY MAN.

HE is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it; and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one,
Content indeed to sojourn, while he must,
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupi'd as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures; for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's; for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground, like summer birds,
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore, in contemplation, is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth,
She makes familiar with a heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories, yet to be reveal'd.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth, away,
More golden, than that age of fabled gold,
Renown'd in ancient song; not vex'd with care,
Nor stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.

NO. 115. THE CHRISTIAN'S BENEFICENCE.

NOT slothful he, tho' seeming unemploy'd,
And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird,
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,
Or what achievements of immortal fame,
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd,
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which,
The laurels, that a Cesar reaps, are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth, to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness, by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His sphere, tho' humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and tho' small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of wo,
Then let the supercilious great confess,
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life,
Holds no ignoble, tho' a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast, what few that win it can,
That if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.

NO. 116. CHRISTIAN POLITENESS.

POLITE refinement offers him in vain,
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake,
Can wear it e'en as gracefully, as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He, by the test of conscience, and a heart,
Not soon deceiv'd; aware, that what is base,
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,
Like an unburi'd carcase trick'd with flow'rs,
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.

NO. 117. THE MILLENNIUM.

THE groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets, sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd Sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest;
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust, that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot, pav'd with love,
And what his storms have blasted and defac'd
For man's revolt, shall with a smile, repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet,
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch;
Nor can the wonders, it records, be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one, like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Tho' poor in skill to rear them, lights at last,
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur, he feels,
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labor, were a task, more arduous still.
Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss; which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons, woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet; all are full.
The lion and the libbard and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now; the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth, to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man; and all mankind,
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of Heaven has chas'd it. In the heart,
No passion touches a discordant string;
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb; for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks,
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops
From distant mountains, catch the flying joy;
Till nation after nation, taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;
See Salem built, the labor of a God!
Bright as a sun, the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar, there;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there,
Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come,
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly, such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heaven-ward, all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.
So God has greatly purpos'd; who would else
In his dishonor'd works himself endure
Dishonor, and be wrong'd without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons! We would see
(A sight, to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn, how fair
The creature is, that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself, what pleases him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers;
And even the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from heav'n, pure as the fountain is,
Is sulli'd in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
Oh for a world, in principle, as chaste,
As this is gross and selfish! over which,
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, should'ring aside
The meek and modest truth, and forcing her

To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife,
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men;
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears;
Where he that fills an office, shall esteem
The occasion, it presents, of doing good
More than the perquisite; where law shall speak
Seldom, and never, but as wisdom prompts,
And equity, not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright;
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor sooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance, ape the work of love!
Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou, who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine, by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts,
Thy title is engraven with a pen,
Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see,
The dawn of thy last advent, long-desir'd,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world, is tir'd
Of its own taunting question, asked so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till his exhausted quiver, yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the shield of truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,
Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet e'en these
Worthy, compared with sycophants, who knee
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare,
The world takes little thought. Who will, may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wandering sheep, resolv'd to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain.
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war
With conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth
To prey upon each other; stubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down
The features of the last degenerate times,
Exhibit every lineament of these.
Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world!

NO. 118. THE PLOUGH.

YE generous Britons, venerate the plough!
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea,
Far thro' his azure, turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores,
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon, may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

NO. 119. BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BEHOLD, yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? if fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task;
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find words,
Ting'd with so many colors; and whose pow'r,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

NO. 120. SPRING.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence, from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves, away.
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns

With warmest beam; and on your open front.
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold, wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind [clouds
Blows spring abroad; for you the teaming
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race!—In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head; [alts
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health ex-
The whole creation round Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God, to see a happy world.

NO. 121. THE SUN.

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks and hills and towers and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings, first and best!
Effiux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting, beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen,
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by the secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn,† wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quick'ning glance, their cumbrous orbs
Were brute, unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life.

How many forms of being wait on thee,
Inhaling spirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy, the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land, is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd;
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labor draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind; and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
At thee, the Ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance, inward flames.
From thee, the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile, the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Em'rald shows. But all comb-in'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes, the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds

† Thomson died before the planet Herschel was discovered. *Ed.*

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity and use,
Unequal far, great delegated source,
Of light and life and grace and joy below!

NO. 122. THE GOD OF NATURE.

HOW shall I then, attempt to sing of Him,
Who, light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever, thro' the boundless sky.
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening start
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.
Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee, I bend the knee; to Thee, my tho'ts
Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee, the various vegitative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command, the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-color'd scene of things.

NO. 123. ANIMATED NATURE.

FULL Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent Heav'n
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure, millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest chrystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man; for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd, should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
Whence silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.
Let no presuming, impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little, haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down
From infinite perfection, to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd tho't, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone, let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes, his servant-sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and conv'olv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

NO. 124. THE TORRID ZONE.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds?
What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,

Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? Their toiling insects, what?
Their silky pride, and vegitable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace;
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light, that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man;
These are not their's. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray. the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity; these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish, fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

NO. 125. HAUNTS OF DEATH.

LO! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which e'n imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threat-'ning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen Hyena, fellest of the fell;
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural case,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the iprate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone,
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence, he sits,
And views the main, that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the setting sun, he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cesar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glitt'ring waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they dark'ning come;
Till, with the general, all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad, disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain;
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

NO. 126. THE AFRICAN SHARK.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific, arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease and death,
Behold! he rushing, cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend; one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

NO. 127. PESTILENCE.

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens.
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapors rank, and blue corruption, wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man;
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying saw
To infant weakness sunk, the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye,
No more with ardor bright; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent to ask, whom fate would next demand.

NO. 128. THE PLAGUE.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning city, plague
The fiercest child of Nemisis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance; mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd,
The cheerful haunt of men; unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven,
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care; the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city, black despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

NO. 129. BRITAIN.

OH! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills and dales and woods and lawns and spires
And glittering towns and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke, decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts
Inspiring vigor, liberty abroad
Walks unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful, thy clime;
Thy streams, unfailing in the summer's drou't;
Unmatch'd, thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains, flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand,
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,

Mingling are heard; even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labor burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurri'd sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations, where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace, thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

NO. 130. BRITISH WORTHIES.

THY Sons of glory, many! Alfred, thine;
In whom, the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And his own Muses love, the best of Kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
Names dear to fame; the first, who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul, the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine, a steady More,
Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato, firm, like Aristides, just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high. But who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh, mark their every glory mix'd,
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot and the hero, burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigor, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison hours, enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom, bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men, on whom, late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strow
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius,† fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom, warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards,
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade,
Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void; he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heav'n again.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy.

† Algernon Sidney

NO. 131. THE AUTUMNAL TEMPEST.

DEFEATING oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast,
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their tumbling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff, [rain,
Shook waste. And sometimes too, a burst of
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head,
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks,
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought,
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to your's is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers your's with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

NO. 132. SOURCE OF FOUNTAINS.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes;
O thou pervading genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view:
Strip from the branching Alps, their piny load!
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods,
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd,
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a stream!
Or from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd,
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those,
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the stony girdle of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending mountains† of the moon!
O'ertoping‡ all these giant sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line,
Stretch'd to the stormy seas, that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold, the glooms disclose!
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them lab'ring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd,
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Thro' the stir'd sands a bubbling passage burst;

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

‡ Within a few years, it has been ascertained, that the Himmaleh mountains are considerably higher than the Andes. Ed.

And welling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapor-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapors in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again ;
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full adjusted harmony of things.

NO. 133. SCOTLAND.

AND here awhile the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad, cerulean scene,
Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view ;
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky ;
Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
Incult, robust and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth,
Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales.
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school,
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
Great patriot hero ! ill-requitted chief !)
To hold a generous, undiminish'd state ;
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil ;
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over *Europe*, bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

NO. 134. THE HAPPY SWAIN.

OH, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
Of flatterers false, and in their turn, abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe
Of every hue, reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not ?
What tho', from utmost land and sea, purvey'd
For him, each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death ? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
Their hollow moments, undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope ;
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
When Heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
Or in the wint'ry glebe, whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap ;
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere ;
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
Unsulli'd beauty ; sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labor, with a little pleas'd ;
Health ever-blooming ; unambitious toil ;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.
Let others brave the flood, in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months, the gloomy wave ;
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, the infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd on by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct ; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord and perplexing right,
An iron race ! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;
Wreathe the deep brow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free,
That restless men involve, hears and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
When Autumn's yellow lusture gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field;
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
Even winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lusture on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea, imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast, heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine, the little, strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck.
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul.

NO. 135. WONDERS OF NATURE.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Oh NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep,
Light my blind way; the mineral *strata* there;
Thrust blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that, the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded tho't,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search the flight of time can n'er exhaust.
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from THEE!

NO. 136. THE INUNDATION.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapor foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls.
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along;
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,

Where rocks and woods o'er hang the turbid stream ;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils and wheels and foams and thunders through.

NO. 137. THE WINTER STORM.

THEN issues forth the storm, with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main,
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolor'd deep,
Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves, to burn.
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
Of mighty waters. Now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wint'ry *Baltic* thund'ring o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven, they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land, the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honors yet remain ;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing winds'
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sights,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ;
Then straight air, sea and earth are hush'd at once.

NO. 138. THE PERISHING SWAIN.

AS thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darkened air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart,
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage, rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
While round him, night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown ;
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,

Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast. 46

NO. 139. THE THOUGHTLESS GAY.

AH little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround,
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth.
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain ;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame ;—how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man—
How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs—how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery—sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty—How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse—
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd-distress—how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand-nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think.

NO 140. THE AVALANCHE.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales, the happy *Grisons* dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering torrents roll.
From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin, whelm'd.

NO. 141. THE ARCTIC ZONE.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornea's* lake,
And *Hecla*, flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
And, hovering o'er the wild, stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath † another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ;
And thro' his airy hall, the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard ;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
Where undissolving from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid. o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury ; but in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more ; a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months,
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
Who, here entangled in the gath'ring ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun ;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the ‡ BRITON'S fate,
As with *first* prow (what have not BRITONS dar'd !)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.

† The other hemisphere.

‡ Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth, to discover the north-east passage.

In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of men;
And half-enliven'd by the distant sun
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow, hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted, the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad, brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their wave, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep; at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toss'd amid, the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs, that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes, bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking* Eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals, lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

NO 142. PETER THE GREAT.

WHAT cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man! Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people, savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce *barbarian* he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul, he rais'd the *man*.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye, who toil'd
Thro' long successive ages, to build up
A laboring plan of state, behold at once,
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then,
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unweari'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of *Europe*, home he goes!
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts, smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
Proud navies ride on seas, that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic *Alexander* of the north,
And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance* and *Vice*,

Of old dishonor proud; it glows around,
Taught by the ROYAL HAND, that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still his great *example* shew'd.

NO. 143. THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

'TIS done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year;
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness! those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER
And WISDOM oft arraign'd; see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
And di'd neglected, why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul,
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge; why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while;
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more,
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

NO. 144 HYMN UPON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring,
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,
With light and heat, refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn, unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all, so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deeps; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,

With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say, from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it, as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round.
On nature write with every beam, His praise.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The list'ning shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ, join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor, rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rise in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
From *seeming evil*, still educing *good*
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

NO. 145. DARKNESS. BY BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd; and the stars
Did wander, darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day;
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light;
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,

The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consum'd
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes.
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those, who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd; the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers, crawl'd
And twin'd themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom. No love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Di'd, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd;
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lur'd their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scrap'd with their cold, skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and make a flame,
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up,
Their eyes, as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspect—saw, and shriek'd and di'd—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void.
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge
The waves were dead; the tides were in their graves.
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

NO. 146. DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS. BY BYRON.

TH' Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold;
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Gallilee.
Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd on the face of the foe, as he Pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and grew still.
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever chill,
And there lay the steed, with his nostril all his pride;
But through it there roll'd not the breath of wide;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold, as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail?
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;

And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the [Lord.

NO. 147. VALE OF CHAMOUNI.†

BY COLERIDGE.

YE ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines, slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once, amid their maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious, as the gates of heav'n,
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flow'rs
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, GOD.
GOD sing the meadow-streams, with gladsome voice.
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds;
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall, shall thunder—GOD!
Ye living flow'rs, that skirt th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth GOD! and fill the hills with praise.

NO 148. WHAT IS TIME? BY MARSDEN.

I ask'd an aged man—a man of cares,
Wrinkled and bent, and white with hoary hairs; [tell
"Time is the warp of life," he said—"Oh,
The young, the gay, the fair, to weave it well!"
I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who had bled;
From the cold grave, a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sow'd the seed, we reap in this abode!"
I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins—"Time!" he replied, [died.
"I've lost it!—ah! the treasure!" and he
I ask'd the golden sun, and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered—"Time is but a meteor-glare,"
And bade us for eternity prepare.
I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
"'Tis folly's blank and wisdom's highest prize!"
I ask'd a spirit lost; but, oh, the shriek,
That pierc'd my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cri'd, "a particle—a speck—a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted—it made me this reply—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell."
I ask'd my Bible, and methinks, it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live; live to day; to-morrow never yet
On any human being, rose or set!"
I ask'd old father Time himself at last;
But in a moment, he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the reinless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

† Near Mont Blanc.

NO. 149. THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY. BY WATTS.

THERON, among his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward, as he went,
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone;
Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out, SCI-PI-O.
"Enough, he cri'd; "I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
Let pedants waste their hours of ease,
To sweat all night at Socrates,
And feed their boys with notes and rules,
Those tedious recipes of schools,
To cure ambition; I can learn
With greater ease the great concern
Of mortals; how we may despise
All the gay things below the skies.
Methinks, a mouldering pyramid
Says all, that the old sages said;
For me, these shatter'd tombs contain
More morals, than the Vatican,
The dust of heroes cast abroad,
And kick'd, and trampled in the road,
The relics of a lofty mind,
That lately wars and crowns design'd,
Toss'd, for a jest, from wind to wind,
Bid me be humble, and forbear
Tall monuments of fame to rear;
They are but castles in the air.
The tow'ring heights, and frightful falls,
The ruin'd heaps and funerals
Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
Tell me a thousand mournful things.
In melancholy silence,——
——————He
That living, could not bear to see

An equal now lies torn and dead ;
Here his pale trunk, and there his head.
Great Pompey ! while I meditate,
With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
Thy carcass, scatter'd on the shore,
Without a name, instructs me more
Than my whole library before.
Lie still, my Plutarch, then and sleep,
And my good Seneca may keep
Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
I have no further use for you ;
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes.
There the vile foot of every clown
Tramples the sons of honor down :
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cesars in the dirt."

NO. 150. ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN. BY MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works ! Parent of good !
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair ; Thyself how wond'rous, then;
Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing. Ye in heaven !
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol [end.
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
Fairest of stars ! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn [sphere,
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun ! of this great world, both eye and soul, [praise
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st. [fly'st,
Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wand'ring fires ! that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements ! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow, [pines
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains ! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep !
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise —
Hail universal Lord ! be bounteous still,
To give us only good ; and, if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd—
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

NO. 151. MESSIAH. BY POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes, sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world, her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born ;

See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise !
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way ;
The Savior comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains, shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short liv'd sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield ;
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
To leafeless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts ; the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay.
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

NO. 152. CRITICISM. BY POPE.

'TIS hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this ;
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments, as our watches ; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
But are not critics to their judgment too ?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find,
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind ;
Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning, is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit, these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence.
But you who seek to give, and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste and learning go ;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point, where sense and dulness meet.
First follow nature, and your judgement frame
By her just standard, which is still the same :
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
Works without show, and without pomp presides :
In some fair body, thus th' informing soul
With spirit feeds, with vigor fills the whole.
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains ;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Those rules, of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodis'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws, which first herself ordain'd
Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride !
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself, but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way ;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !
A perfect judge will read each work of wit,
With the same spirit, that its author writ ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays, as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep ;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome !)
No single parts unequally surprise ;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes ;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work, regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the means be just the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trival faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit ;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part ;
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;
Pleas'd with a work, where nothing's just or fit ;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature, we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town and court.
Some by old words, to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labor'd nothings in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile,
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
Be not the first, by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last, to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus, but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest, who have learnt to dance.
'Tis not enough, no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain, when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow.
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle, scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the modern prize:
Regard not then, if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense, which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors, names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he,
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic as the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd, hackney'd sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd wit like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapors, which obscure its rays;
But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Learn then what morals critics ought to show;
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil, as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow, [know?
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to
Unbiass'd, or by favor, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe,
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise with reason on his side?

NO. 153. BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

BY CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter, was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darknes of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet, fast array'd,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

5. And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow;
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Ah! few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

NO. 154. THE SABBATH. BY GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor; hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester morn bloom'd waving in the breeze;
The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky, the gladsome lark
Warbles his heav'n-tun'd song; the lulling brook [glen;
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er-mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Has ceas'd; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man, [free,
Her deadliest foe;—the toil-worn horse, set
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large,
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But, chiefly, Man the day of rest enjoys,
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board,—screen'd from the winter's cold [tree;
And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves, he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
As wandering slowly up the river's bank
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree, that proudly spreads the bough,
And in the tiny dew-bent flowers, that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys

With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope,)
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls;
Solemn, the knell from yonder ancient pile
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe;
The throng moves slowly o'er the tomb-pav'd ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes [pleas'd;
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach [ills,
The house of God; these, spite of all their
A glow of gladness prove; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns;
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and with impressive voice,
The weekly portion reads.

NO. 155. AN ELEGY. WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD. BY GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea; [way,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
And leaves the world to darkness and to me. [sight;
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight;
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade, [heap,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these, the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb, no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long drawn aisle and fretted vault, [praise.
The pealing anthem swells the note of
Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion, call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire; [sway'd,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
Or wak'd to ecstacy, the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
The applause of list'ning senate to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade. Nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes, confin'd
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?
On some fond breast, the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes, live their wonted fires.
For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes it old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noon tide, would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook, that bubbles by.
Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill;
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.
The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church yard-path we saw him borne :
Approach and read, for thou canst read the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."
" Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth;
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had—a tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his father and his God.

NO. 156 YOUNG'S AFFLICTIONS.

FRIENDS, our chief treasure, how they drop !
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A tripple mouth ; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour ;
And rarely for the better ;
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep [plays
Strike's empires from the root ; each moment
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down,
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree !
A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air,
O had I weigh'd it, ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart :
Death ! great proprietor of all ! tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ?
Why thy peculiar rancor wreak'd on me ?
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was slain ; [horn,†
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
In ev'ry vary'd posture, place and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace ;
Through the dark postern of time long claps'd
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings, once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews ;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole,
A grief, like this, proprietors excludes ;
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ;
They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs
Far as the fatal Fame can wing her way;

†In a very short time the author was called to part with his wife and two children.—*Ed.*

And turns the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down the right channel, through the vale of death.

NO. 157. DEATH OF MRS. YOUNG.

SHE† (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts
By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.
O the long, dark approach, through years of pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so,)
With dismal doubt, and sable terror, hung;
Sick Hope's pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray;
There, Fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid self-love itself to flatter there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
In smiles, she sunk her grief, to lessen mine.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress, gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly seige. in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends,
To succor frail humanity. Ye Stars!
(Not now first made familiar to my sight,)
And thou, O Moon! bear witness; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ti'd down my sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life,
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker ev'ry hour!
Less dread the day, that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important die
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.

NO. 158. LYSANDER AND ASPASIA.

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia. She was kind.
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bless'd.
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy, lov'd.
Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore.
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd. He takes his leave,
To re-embrace in exstacies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel;)
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear! Can tears suffice?—But not for me.
How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!
The distant train of thought I took, to shun,
Has thrown me on my fate. These di'd together;
Happy in ruin! undivorc'd by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narcissa! pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only near me; not myself.
Survive myself?—That cures all other woe.
Narcissa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the soul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies.—My heart! no more.

†Lucia, Mrs. Young.

NO. 159. DEATH OF PHILANDER.

WHATEVER farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!
A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
A wrench from all we love! from all we are!
A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture! feeble Nature's dread!
Strong Reason's shudder at the dark unknown!
A sun extinguish'd! a just op'ning grave!
And oh! the last, last; what! (can words express?
Thought reach?) the last, last—silence of a friend!
Where are those horrors, that amazement where,

This hideous group of ills (which singly shock)
Demand from man?—I thought him man till now.
Through Nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies, [gloom,)
(Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all,
Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own. [joy!
We gaze; we weep; mixt tears of grief and
Amazement strikes! Devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore, and infidels believe.
As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
While rising vapors and descending shades,
With damps and darkness, drown the spacious vale;
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
PHILANDER thus augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng.
Sweet Peace, and heav'nly Hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh,
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where, her glitt'ring tow'rs? [down
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears.
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labor'd prize?) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! ambition, truly great,
Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,
Sly, treach'rous miner! working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
——————Oh PHILANDER!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven, hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few, our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.

NO. 160. DEATH OF NARCISSA.

AND kind thou† wilt be; kind on such a theme;
A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme, that rose all pale, and told my soul,
'Twas night; on her fond hopes, perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which smote me from PHILANDER'S tomb.
Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel; [claims
Her death invades his mournful right, and
The grief that started from my lids for him;
Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
Or shares, it ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he more than causes, he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction.
Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by Fate (who loves a lofty mark,)
How from the summit of the grove, she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charm
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit, in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
We guess, of heaven. And these were all her own.
And she was mine; and I was—was most blest—

†The moon.

Gay title of the deepest misery !
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life ;
Good lost, weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy,
Like blossom'd trees, o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay ,
And if in death, still, lovely lovelier there ;
Far lovelier ! Pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep.
Our tears indulg'd, indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale Omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw ; (and who would cease to gaze, [haste,
That once had seen ?) with haste, parental
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun† ; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succor, nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies ! fairest lilies not so fair.
Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her.—Thought repell'd,
Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
And when kind Fortune, with thy lover smil'd!
And when high-flavor'd thy fresh opening joys ! [plete !
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss com-
And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept; their eyes let fall [down
Inhuman tears ; strange tears, that trickled
From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;
In spite of Nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ;
While Nature melted, Superstition rav'd ;
That mourn'd the dead ; and this deny'd a grave.
Their sighs incens'd ; sighs foreign to the will !
Their will the tyger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For oh ! the curst ungodliness of zeal !
While sinful flesh relented, spirit, nurs'd
In blind Infallibility's embrace,
The sainted spirit petrify'd the breast ;
Deny'd the charity of dust to spread
O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy.

What could I do? what succor? what resource ?
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole ;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd ;
Short in my duty, coward in my grief !
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft-suspended step ; and, muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh.
I whisper'd what should echo through their realms ; [the skies.
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce
Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes,
While Nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
And indignation, rival bursts I pour'd ;
Half-execration mingled with my pray'r ;
Kindled at Man, while I his God ador'd ;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
Stamp'd the curst soil ; and with humanity,
Deny'd Narcissa, wish'd them all a grave,
Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead ?
The dead how sacred ! Sacred is the dust
Of this Heav'n-labor'd form, erect, divine !
This Heav'n assum'd majestic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend ;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
When man can wreak his rancor uncontroll'd,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;
Then, spleen to dust ! the dust of innocence !
An angel's dust !—This Lucifer transcends ;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

†To Montpelier in France.

NO. 161. HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

FAR less than this is shocking in a race
Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love ;
And uncreated, but for love divine ;
And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man, hard of heart to man ! of horrid things
Most horrid ! 'mid stupendous, highly strange !
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs ;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity.
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars ! [sound ;
And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm ;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten, ere they fall ;
Volcanos bellow, ere they disembogue ;
Earth trembles, ere her yawning jaws devour ;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire ;

Ruin from Man is most conceal'd, when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

NO. 162. INSTRUCTIONS OF DEATH.

OUR dying friends come o'er us, like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence. Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend, by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume,
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity.
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth, to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels, sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain? [shades,
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring
Which wait the revolution of our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread underfoot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast.
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
And song of ev'ry joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
Live ever here, LORENZO!—Shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Life has no value, as an end, but means;
An end, deplorable! a means, divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing, worse than nought,
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.
Nor is that glory distant. Oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! these between,
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass?
The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd.
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave and wise;
And may itself procure what it presumes.
Life is much flattered, Death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"Strange competition!"—True, Lorenzo! strange!
So little life can cast into the scale.
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim Life peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd pow'r.
Death has feign'd evils, Nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty Mind, that son of Heav'n,
By tyrant Life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death, enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but intombs the body; Life, the soul.
"Is Death then guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine,
Art, genius, fortune, elevated pow'r!
With various lustres, these light up the world,
Which Death puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just;
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror,
Death humbles these; more barb'rous Life, the man,
Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
Death, of the spirit, infinite, divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail Life imparts; [proves.
Nor Life true joy, but what kind Death im-
No bliss has Life to boast, till Death can give
Far greater; Life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers, [guest;
Age and Disease; Disease, though long my
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;

Which pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops perhaps a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life;
Lust and Ambition, Wrath and Avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his pow'r.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O Death, is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—Name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day, 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us, as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound. [groan,
Birth's feeble cry, and Death's deep dismal
Are slender tributes low-tax'd Nature pays
For mighty gain; The gain of each, a life!
But O! the last, the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd! Life lives beyond the grave. [of thee?
And feel I, Death! no joy from thought
Death the great counsellor, who man inspires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns:
Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
Rich Death, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes, without it a chimera;
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's source, and subject, still subsist unhurt;
One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire; [dust.
Though the four winds were warring for my
Yes, and from winds and waves, and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
(To dust, when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres.)
And live entire. Death is the crown of life.
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die. [reign!
Death wounds to cure. We fall, we rise, we
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die?—When shall I live forever?

NO. 163. DEATH-CHAMBER OF THE GOOD.

THE chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly ye profane! If not, draw near with awe.
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
Here tir'd Dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heav'n,
If sound his virtue, as Philander's, sound.
Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men;
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

NO. 164. TIME.

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch,
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge,
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! How surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
O Time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools: and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man, without account?
What years are squander'd, Wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious Death! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the pris'ner free.
On all important time, through ev'ry age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour,

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? Say, rather, lord of human race;
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak. So Reason speaks in all.
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.
Ah! how unjust to Nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves,
Art, brainless Art! our furious charioteer,
(For Nature's voice unstifled would recall,)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of Death;
Death most our dread; Death thus more dreadful made.
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels.
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement.
The next amusement mortgages our fields!
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,
From hateful Time, if prisons set us free.
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd;
To Man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis Fortune's—Time's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence?
For, or against, what wonders can he do!
And will; to stand blank neuter he disdains.
But why on Time, so lavish is my song?
On this great theme, kind Nature keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die;
Each morn are born anew. Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labors!—labors more?
And is there in creation, what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, intire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph [whom
A moment trembles; drops! and man, for
All else is in alarm! man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! And yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away? [seize;
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments
Heav'n's on their wing. A moment we may wish, [stand still;
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day
Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake
Fate's hasty prey. Implore him; reimport
The period past; regive the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;
Lorenzo,—O for yesterdays to come!
——————Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth.
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time.
As these are useless, when the sun is set;
So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware;
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun;
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft

Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

NO. 165. PROCRASTINATION.

NOT ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills, the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
Of Man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm. That all men are about to live,
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That log'd in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [indeed,
And that through ev'ry stage. When young,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Un-anxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

NO. 166. INDUSTRY.

TIME wasted is existence, us'd, is life.
And bare existence, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was giv'n for use, not waste.
Injoin'd to fly, with tempest, tide and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That man might feel his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labor for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, spirit on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts, such by Heav'n design'd. [wretched.
He that has none, must make them, or be
Cares are employments; and without employ,
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy,

NO. 167. WONDERS OF HUMAN NATURE.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make, such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt!
Though sully'd and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! At home, a stranger,
Thought wonders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man, is man! [dread!
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what
Iternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

NO. 168. THE SONS OF PLEASURE.

YE well array'd! Ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor spin
(As sister-lilies might,) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow; the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odors, sauce and song,
And robes and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a misery,
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For ev'ry bauble, drivell'd o'er by sense,
For rattles and conceits of ev'ry cast,
For change of follies and relays of joy,

To drag you patient thro' the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say, sages ! say,
Wit's oracles, say, dreamers of gay dreams.
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail ?

NO. 169. CONSCIENCE.

O TREACH'ROUS Conscience ! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song ;
While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to License, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe ! The formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp ;
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable time ;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd ;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass.
Writes our whole history; which Death shall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear ;
And judgment publish ; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast ! 25
Such is her slumber ; and her vengeance such
For slighted counsel ; such thy future peace !
And think'st thou still, thou canst be wise too soon ?

NO. 170. THE SPIRITS OF THE JUST.

WHY then their loss deplore, that, are not lost ?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?
They live ! they greatly live ! a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd ! and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert ; this the solitude.
How populous ! how vital, is the grave !
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
The land of apparitions, empty shades !
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance. The reverse is Folly's creed.
How solid all, where change shall be no more !

NO, 171. HUMAN MISERIES.

YET why complain ? or why complain for one !
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions. 'Tis the common lot.
War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm and Fire,
Intestine Broils, Oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image, disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valor sav'd ;
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want and incurable Disease, (fell pair !)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once , and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead !
What numbers groan for sad admission there !
What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of Charity !
To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
Happy ! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name ;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, felicity !
The smoothest course of Nature has its pains ;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest,
Without misfortune, what calamities !
And what hostilities, without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste ;
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands!

Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! But far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man;
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To Woe's wide empire, where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, invenom'd passions bite,
Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning Fate wide opens to devour.

NO. 172. FRIENDSHIP AND CONVERSATION.

ON this,† or similar, PHILANDER! thou,
Whose mind was moral as the preacher's tongue,
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the recluse, more coy!
Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragant flowr's,
So men from Friendship, wisdom and delight;
Twins ty'd by nature; if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend, to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.
Thought too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament, and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie
Plung'd to the hilts, in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech!
If born blest heirs to half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like the alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.
In contemplation is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in Contemplation's field;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and Emulation's spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd,
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude!
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutor'd, Contemplation raves,
And Nature's fool, by Wisdom's is outdone.
Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two;
Rich fruit! Heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man, true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight.
Delight intense, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend:
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit. In passion's flame
Hearts melt; but melt, like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in reason; passion's foe:
I wrong her much—entenders us forever.
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue, kindling at a rival fire,
And emulously rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From Friendship, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious surviver of old Time and Death!
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom, blossoms this Elysian flow'r?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home,
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts;

†The lapse of time.

An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the great,
None clings more obstinate than fancy fond,
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile;
Their smiles, the great and the coquet, throw out
For others' hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Love and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and distrust, destroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
First on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself.
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship; then confide till death.
Well for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazard we can run.
Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world, in purchase for a friend is gain.

NO. 173. REDEMPTION.

THOUGH Nature's terrors, thus may be represt;
Still frowns grim Death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
O think how deep, Lorenzo! here it stings.
Who can appease its anguish? How it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy—with grief, that healing hand I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! It is fix'd on high.
On high?—What means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
Alas how low! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds.
Draw the dire steel?—Ah no!—the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
The falling universe. That gone, we drop!
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish,
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan not his.
He seized our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, so bought, were bought too dear.
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise;
Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.
O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me Night! with all thy tuneful spheres [inspire
Much rather thou! who dost these spheres
Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,
And shew to men, the dignity of man;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall Pagan pages glow celestial flame,
And Christian languish? On our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: My heart awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by this,
Expended Deity on human weal?
Feel the great truths, which burst the tenfold night
Of heathen error, with a golden flood
Of endless day. To feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r [love!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just,
Thou, rather than thy justice should be stain'd
Didst stain the cross; and, work of wonders far
The greatest! that thy dearest far might bleed.
Bold thought! Shall I dare speak it, or repress?
Should man more execrate, or boast, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with outstretch'd arms,
Stern Justice, and soft-smiling Love embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost.
What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labor such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!
The wond'rous deed! or shall I call it more?

A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!
Not thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete.
They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes;
And with one excellence, another wound;
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid Mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise.
A God all mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down! the fund of Heav'n,
Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond. Though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum.
Its value vast ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows, in the Supreme.
And was the ransom paid? It was; and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; Midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as this; not such as Nature makes;
A midnight, Nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross; [womb,
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead? [tear;
Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that hour let fall a
Heav'n wept, that men might smile! Heav'n bled, that man
Might never die!—
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis compell'd.
What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like these! [mount
Such contemplations mount us; and should
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man, [thoughts
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my
To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll. My soul is caught. [the cross,
Heav'n's sov'reign blessings, clust'ring from
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The pris'ner of amaze!—In his blest life,
I see the path, and in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of Death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who slew
The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The King of glory, He, whose glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency, beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain? [throne,
Oh the burst gates, crush'd sting, demolish'd
Last gasp, of vanquish'd Death! Shout, earth and heav'n!
This sum of good to man; whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then I rose; then first humanity
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in our name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to Death; and heav'n's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, Heav'n! all-lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing? Above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas, small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd!
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in Heav'n with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live.
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.
And what is this?—Survey the wond'rous cure;
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

Through means, that speak its value infinite !
A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !
With blood divine of him, I made my foe !
Persisted to provoke ! though woo'd and aw'd,
Blest and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still !
A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne !
Nor I alone ! a rebel universe !
My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies ;
Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
As if our race were held of highest rank ;
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man !
Bound, ev'ry heart ! and, ev'ry bosom, burn !
O what a scale of miracles is here !
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies ;
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel ! Oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !
Praise flow for ever, (if astonishment
Will give thee leave,) my praise ! for ever flow ;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heav'n
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd ;
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.
———This theme is man's, and man's alone ;
Their† vast appointments reach it not. They see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high ;
And downward look for Heavn's superior praise ;
First-born of ether ! high in fields of light !
View man, to see the glory of your God !
Could angels envy, they had envy'd here ;
And some did envy ; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods unredeem'd (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies,)
They less would feel, though more adorn, my theme.
They sung creation, (for in that they shar'd ;)
How rose in melody, the child of love !
Creation's great superior. man ! is thine ;
Thine is Redemption. They just gave the key ;
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize the song ;
Though human, yet divine ; for should not this
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here ?
Redemption ! 'twas creation more sublime ;
Redemption ! twas the labor of the skies ;
Far more than labor—it was death in heav'n.
A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.
Man ! Know thyself. All wisdom centres there ;
To none, man seems ignoble, but to man ;
Angels that grandeur, men e'erlook, admire.
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degen'rate mortal ! and unread by thee ?
The beam dim reason sheds, shews wonders there,
What high contents ! illustrious faculties !
But the grand comment, which displays at full.
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the cross.
Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger ? a terrestrial god ?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life ?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm.
I gaze ; and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, eternity ! at thee ;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys.
How chang'd the face of nature ! how improv'd !
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world ;
Or, what a world, an Eden ; heighten'd all !
It is another scene ! another self !
And still another, as time rolls along ;
And that a self far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpiere'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate !
How nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where gods
Encounter, and embrace me ! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps whate'er exists,
Old time, and fair creation, are forgot !

†The angels'.

NO. 174. RELIGION.

RELIGION'S all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left,
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next ;
Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change and death,
She gives the soul, a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! an after-state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock.
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl ;
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
And groaning Calvary, of thee ! There shine
The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting ;
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;

There, nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire,
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity! too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man;
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me!
My sacrifice! my God! what things are these!

NO. 175. RETIREMENT.

VIRTUE, forever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain.
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted! we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin,
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange. Light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad. Thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition. Love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, Pride, Perfidy, blue vapors breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancor or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril. Safety dwells
Remote from multitude. The world's a school
Of wrong; and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, Wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

NO. 176. SUICIDE.

WHAT groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! rise;
And drown, in your less execrable yell,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field;
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!
An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blasphemingeye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!—
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heav'n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness and foul decays
From raging riot, (slower suicides!)
And pride in these, more execrable still!—
How horrid all to thought.———

NO. 177. COMPETENCE.

DOST court Abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn and lament thy self-defeated scheme.
Riches enable to be richer still;
And richer still, what mortal can resist?
Thus Wealth (a cruel task-master!) injoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
And murders Peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are half as wretched as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the stings of envy and of want,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where Heav'n can give no more.

NO. 178. IMMORTALITY.

IMMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!

Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity forever future! life
Beginning, still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a Deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave;
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
The meanest slave thy sov'reign glory shares.
Proud youth! fastidious of the lower world!
Man's lawful pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors eternal of thy love.
Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms.
No more we slumber on the brink of fate.
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.
Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but one immortal, how
Would others envy; how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n!
O vain, vain, vain, all else;—Eternity!
A glorious, and a needful refuge, that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis Immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror those, and these their lustre lose.
Eternity depending, covers all.
Eternity depending, all achieves;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom Immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

NO. 179. WONDEROUS WORKS OF MAN.

COME, my Ambitious! let us mount together,
(To mount Lorenzo never can refuse;)
And from the clouds, where Pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth—What seest thou? Wondrous things!
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labor'd land! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth or war!
Seas, winds and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand.
What level'd mountains, and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
Some'mid the wond'ring wave majestic rise;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn to delicate and grand;
The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies. The proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, here, streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, there, laid by in basons, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; there, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms, channel'd deep from shore to shore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting, breaks
The mid-sea furious waves! their roar amidst,
Out speaks the Deity, and says, "O main;
Thus far, nor farther; new restraints obey."
Earth's disembowel'd! measur'd are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd Nature yields;
Her secrets are extorted; Art prevails!
What monuments of genius, spirit, pow'r!

NO. 180. HAPPINESS,

FROM vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd,
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour.

When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from reason! joy from that,
Which makes man, man; and exercis'd aright,
Will make him more; a bounteous joy! that gives,
And promises; that waves with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace;
A joy ambitious? joy, in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their Greater far;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which death shall double! judgment crown!
Crown'd higher and still higher, at each stage,
Through bless'd eternity's long day; yet still,
Not more remote from sorrow, than from Him
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

NO. 181. THE CONFLAGRATION.

SEEST thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man!
The fate of nature, as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes.
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines, and take, by storm,
This poor, terrestrial citadel of man.

NO. 182. CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

AMAZING period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—While aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament, than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—a sun! O how unlike
The Babe at Bethle'm how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary! Yet He it is;
The man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
And gods ambitious triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames;
While, (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In nature's course; the first in Wisdom's thought.
His strikes, if aught can strike thee; this [awakes
The most supine; this snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse Lorenzo, then and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.
At midnight (when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,)
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness; sudden, as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no [more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All Nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone, [may'st,
On which we stood, Lorenzo! While thou
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! It is too late! [fly
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty
When consternation turns the good man pale?

NO. 183. DAY OF JUDGMENT.

GREAT day! for which, all other days were made;
For which, earth rose from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish

Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
At thought of thee !—And art thou absent then ?
Lorenzo ! no ; 'tis here ;—it is begun ;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all. Deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;
Forestalls ! and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
Thrice happy they ! that enter now the court,
Heav'n opens in their bosom. But how rare !
Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !
What hero, like the man who stands himself ;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there !
The coward flies ; and flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward ? No.) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to know ;
Asks, " What is truth ?" with Pilate ; and re-
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng ;
Asylum sad ! from reason, hope, and heav'n !
Shall all but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man ?
O Day of consummation ! mark supreme,
(If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King !
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee ; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory ; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To dis-involve the moral world, and give
To Nature's renovation, brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?
I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round !
All deities, like summer's swarms on wing !
All basking in the full meridian blaze.
I see the Judge inthron'd ! the flaming guard !
The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought !
No patron ! intercessor none ! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
For guilt, no plea ! to pain, no pause ! no bound !
Inexorable all ! and all, extreme !
Nor Man alone. The foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd ;
Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.
All vengeance past, now seems abundant grace ;
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes ! he curses whom he dreads ;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.
'Tis present to my thought !—And yet where is it ?
Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot guess
The period ; from created beings lock'd
In darkness. But the process, and the place
Are less obscure ; for these may man inquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !
Great key of hearts ! great finisher of fates !
Great end ! and great beginning ! say, where art thou ?
Art thou in time, or in eternity ?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.

NO. 174. ETERNITY.

TIME was ! Eternity now reigns alone !
Awful Eternity ! offended queen !
And her resentment to mankind, how just !
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts !
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome there !
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her frown !
For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners, streaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates and pow'rs,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
Wide as creation ! populous as wide !
A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
Ages, as, yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates

The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphurious or ambrosial. What ensues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The goddess, with determin'd aspect turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole ethereal! How the concave rings!
Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when creation rose,
To see creation's god-like aim and end,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
No fancy'd god, a God indeed descends,
To solve all knots; to strike the moral home;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of time;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause;
And the vast void beyond, applause resound.

NO. 185. NIGHT.

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her laden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
——————O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns;
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter, when alone.
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night, an atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall,
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.

NO. 186. THE STARRY HEAVENS.

AND what, O man! so worthy to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heav'n?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be sung, so needful? what so well
Celestial joys prepares us to sustain?
The soul of man, His face design'd to see,
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great,
On which to dwell, to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for final joy.
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.
Heav'n's King! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss,
Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres!
While of thy works material the supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song.
Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's
Contracted circle, set my heart at large;
Eliminate my spirit; give it range
Through provinces of thought, yet unexplor'd;
Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.
Teach me with art great nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee. Thou, whose heart,
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main!
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock or shore;
And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;
And leave to beggar'd mind's the pearl and gold.

Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour thro' nature's universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious earth, then, travels here.
Shall own, he never was from home before!
Come, my Prometheus, from thy pointed rock,
Of false ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll innocently steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the stars;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the cave
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets, calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man.

Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as shine. At Nature's birth,
Thus, their commission ran—"Be kind to man."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller! 75
The stars will light thee, though the moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immoral? The stars call thee back;
And if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it? Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand;
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An un-adept in mysteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists indeed;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we hear?—'Th existence of a God.
—Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity? Lorenzo! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone;
Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure
Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine;
Wrath, pride, ambition and impure desire.
Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on morals bent. Ambition, Pleasure!
Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought,
Afford their harrass'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day,
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our antipodes,
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage of riot and cabal;
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n)
To yonder stars. For other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs, replete,
Which set the living firmanent on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride;
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
Are here inspir'd.—And canst thou gaze too long?
Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbors; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlight'ned! all, at once.
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid
Affords an emblem of millenial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,

Was e'er created solely for itself.
Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence,
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what?—a clod? [bear."
An inch of earth? The planets cry, "For-
They chace our double darkness, nature's gloom,
And kinder still! our intellectual night.
And see, day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;
And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.
What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck;
Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!
Then into transport, starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This ostentation of creative pow'r!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it raised
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns un-number'd, down, the steep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries, there; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy him who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! praise more than human! nor deny'd
Thy praise divine! But though man, drown'd in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect.
In this his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once,
The temple, and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of night!
Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True; all things speak a God, but in the small,
Men trace out Him; in great, he seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new enquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! what is it? [arch!
What are these sons of wonder? say, proud
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in disdain
Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And straightens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes a universe an orrery.
But when I drop, mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd.
O nature! wide flies off th' expanding round
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes,)
Deep in the bosom of his universe, [man,
Dropt down that reas'ning, mite that insect,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in himself.
Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall mysteries descend
From un-mysterious? Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in Him, the more we should assent.
Could we conceive Him, God he could not be;
Or He not God, or we could not be men.
God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! seem it ne'er so strange,

Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds;
Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.
The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this cost of heav'n,
If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In Reason's court, to silence Unbelief.
Yet here our virtue finds still stronger aid
From those ethereal glories, sense surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault.
With just attention is it view'd? We feel
A sudden succor, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of man.
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe.
What awe from this the Deity has built!
A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives.
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise.
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo,
To man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the skies?"
And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the gloom,
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havoc and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n;
Yet shrink and shudder at a mortal's sight.
Were moon and stars for villians only made?
To guide, yet screen them with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and wiser makes the wise.
The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison here!
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion, let loose all her pow'rs;
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigor, in her native air;
And feels herself at home among the stars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.
What call we then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As earth the body, since, the skies sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it the noble pasture of the mind;
Which there expatiates, strengthens and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial, moral fruit to man.
Call it the breast-plate of the true High Priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it, all the stars and planets roll!
And what it seems, it is. Great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as these more divine.
How rich the prospect! and forever new!
And newest to the man, that views it most;
For newer still, in infinite succeeds.
Then these aerial racers, O how swift!
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb, ascending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel within wheel, Ezekiel! like to thine!†
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
Though seen, we labor to believe it true!
What involution! what extent! what swarms [great!
Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immensely
Immensely distant from each others' spheres!
What then, the wond'rous space, thro' which they roll!
At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;

†Ezekiel x. 9, 10

'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.
Nor think, thou seest a wild disorder here;
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
Arrangement neat and chastest order reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,
And set the seeming married planets free!
They rove for ever; without error rove!
Confusion unconfus'd. Nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
To silence, by the presence of their Lord;
Or hush'd by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their god, and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praise.
Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props
Th' incumbent load! What magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?
And so they are, in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all, if such the dread decree.
Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man, indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops new truths at every new survey!
Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd here;
In mid-way flight, imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wings, to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear or gain;
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!
A banquet this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same manna, mingle earth and heav'n.
How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage,†) 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll forever. Who can satiate sight
In such a scene! in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and, where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.
Now, go, Ambition! boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.
Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
But what must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
Or sparks from pop'lous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old Night on fire?
Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man,)
"Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their names?
Appoints their posts, their marches and returns,
Punctual as stated periods? Who disbands
These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their pow'rs
In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness, arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of chaos to the field,
Where now they war with vice and unbelief.
O let us join this army! Joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!
Struck at that thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars,
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore,
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye dividers of my time! ye bright
Accountants of my days and months and years,
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom.

†Hugenius.

NO. 187. IMAGINARY JOURNEY TO THE STARS.

I WAKE; and waking, climb nights radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere, the steps by Nature set
For man's ascent; at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt hise ye, and aid his tow'ring thought:
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.
In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes!
I pass the moon; and from her farther side,
Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; strike into remote;
Where with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to celestial, lengthens human sight.
I pause at every planet on my road,
And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of earths an army might be lost,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud!
The souls of systems, and the lords of life;
Through their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Perhaps the villas of descending gods!
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or far beneath it, I am grov'ling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake.
The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought
For aid, to reason sets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms; (mere worms to Him;)
O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?
Pause, then; and for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I? Where is earth?—Nay, where art thou,
O Sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—and are
His boasted expeditions short to mine?
To mine, how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,
How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where, mortal, untranslated, never stray'd?

NO. 188. ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE STARS.

"O YE, as distant from my little home,
As swiftest sun beams in an age can fly!
Far from my native element I roam,
In quest of new and wonderful to man.
What province this, of his immense domain,
Whom all obey? or mortals here, or gods?
Ye bord'rers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
A colony from heav'n? or only rais'd,
By frequent visit from heav'n's neighb'ring realms,
To secondary gods, and half-divine?—
Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,
Far other life you live, far other tongue
You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think
Than man. How various are the works of God!
But say, what thought? Is reason here enthron'd,
And absolute? or sense in arms against her?
Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?
Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
And ask their Adams—'Who would not be wise
Or if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd?
Is this your final residence? If not,
Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
And if by death, what death?—Know you disease?
Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour,
Europa groans (so call we a small field,
Where kings run mad.) In our world, Death deputes
Intemperance to do the work of Age!
And, hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
As slow of execution, for dispatch,
Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay
Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before,)
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
Sit all your executioners on thrones?
With you, can rage for plunder make a god?
And bloodshed wash out ev'ry other stain?
But you, perhaps, can't bleed; from matter gross
Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
Unloaded, uninfected! How unlike
The lot of man! How few of human race,
By their own mud unmurder'd! How we wage
Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
Of hardy conflict o'er? Or are you still

Raw candidates at school? And have you those
Who disaffect reversions, as with us?—
But what are we? You never heard of man,
Or earth; the bedlam of the universe!
Where Reason (undiscas'd with you) runs mad,
And nurses Folly's children as her own;
Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
Of holiness, where reason is pronounc'd
Infallible, and thunders, like a god;
Ev'n there, by saints, the demons are outdone.
What these think wrong, our saints refine to right;
And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts;
Satan, instructed, o'er their morals smiles.—
But this how strange to you, who know not man!
Has the least rumor of our race arriv'd?
Call'd here Elijah, in this flaming car?
Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent;
Stain'd your pure crystal ether; or let fall
A short eclipse from his portentous shade.
O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home;
Then blacken'd earth, with footsteps foul'd in hell;
Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he past
To Britain's isle, too, too conspicuous there!"

NO. 189. CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

BUT this is all digression. Where is he,
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd [is He,
To groans and chains and darkness? where
Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
He, whom, while man is man, he can't but seek;
And if he finds, commences more than man?
O for a telescope, his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on Earth, or bless'd above!
Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where your great Master's orb? his planets, where?
Those conscious satellites, those morning-stars,
First-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration most profound, thrown off;
By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet serene;
Past thought, illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In still approaching circles, still remote,
Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire?
Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
High errands sent?—Here human effort ends;
And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.
Full well it might! I quite mistook my road;
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to point. Lorenzo! know,
Without or star or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom Nature (ill-attempted here!)
Past doubt is deep philosophy above.
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd! the deepest, learning still;
For, what a thunder of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing skies!
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—
"Not deeply to discern, not much to know;
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore."

THE END.

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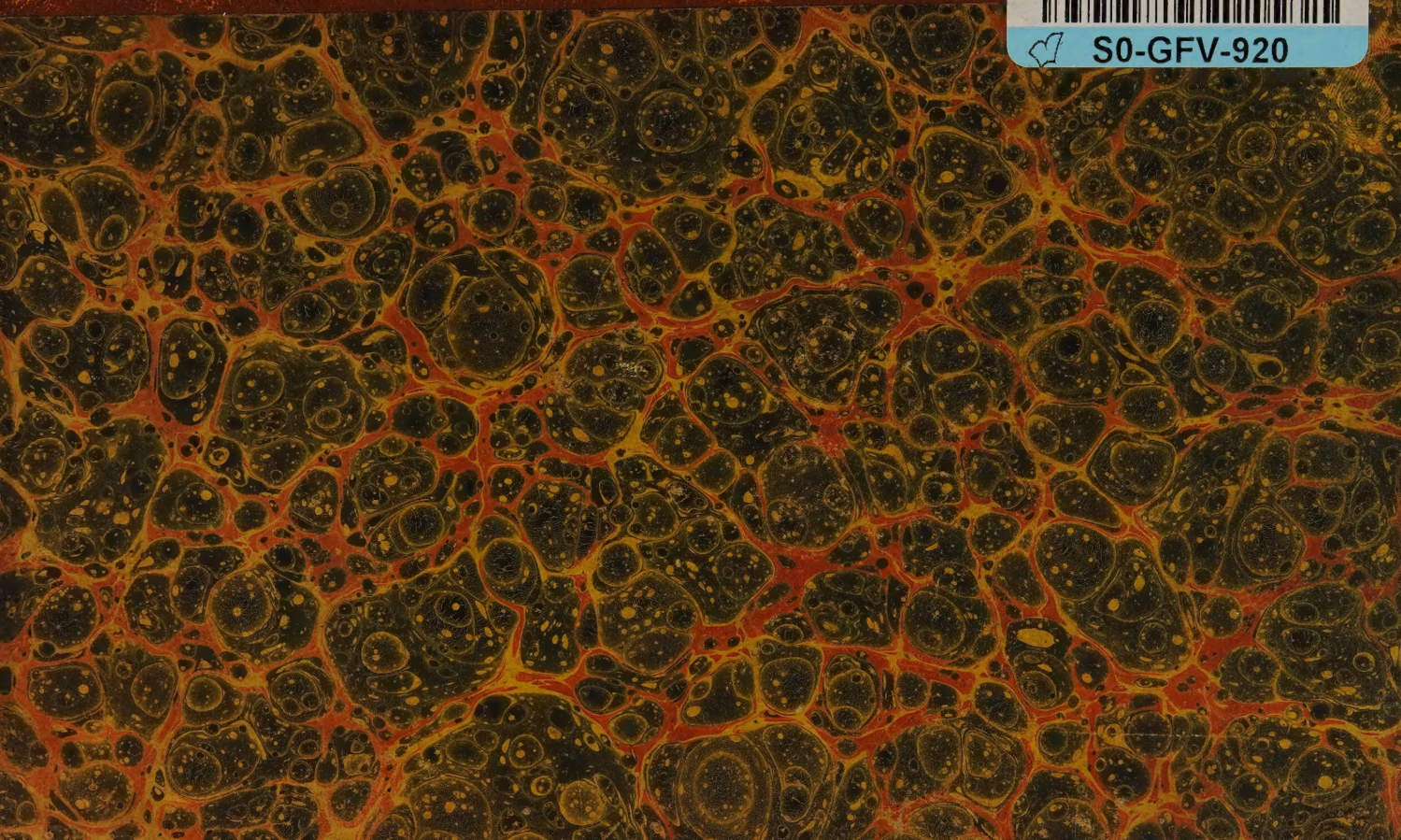
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